

THE  
R A P E  
OF  
LVCRECE,

---

A  
True Roman Tragedie.

*With the seuerall songs in their apt places, by Valerius the merrie Lord amongst the Roman Peeres.*

---

Acted by her Maiesties Seruants at the  
Red Bull,

The fourth Impression.

*Written by* THOMAS HEYWOOD.



LONDON.

Printed for NATHANIEL BUTTER.

1630.

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## Dramatis personæ.

- |       |                              |                                 |
|-------|------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1     | Sernius                      | King of Rome.                   |
| 2     | Tarquin.                     | The proud.                      |
| 3     | Tullia.                      | Wife of Tarquin Superbus.       |
| 4     | Arnus and                    | } the two Sonnes of<br>Tarquin. |
| 5     | Sextus                       |                                 |
| 6     | Brutus Junior.               |                                 |
| 7     | Colatinus.                   |                                 |
| 8     | Horatius Cocles.             |                                 |
| 9     | Mutius scenota.              |                                 |
| 10    | Lucretius.                   |                                 |
| 11    | Porfenna                     | King of the Tuscans.            |
| 12    | Porfennas Secratarie.        |                                 |
| 13    | Pub. Valerius.               |                                 |
| 14    | The Priest of Apollo.        |                                 |
| 16.2. | Centinels.                   |                                 |
| 17    | Lucretia ravish'd by Sextus. |                                 |
| 18    | Myrabile.                    | Lucretius Maide.                |
| 19    | The Clowne.                  |                                 |

THE






THE  
Rape of Lucrece.

SENATE.

*Enter Tarquin Superbus, Sextus Tarquinius, Tullia, Aruns,  
Lucretius, Valerius, Poplicola, and Senators  
before them.*

*Tul.*  I chdraw! wee must have priuate confe-  
With our deere husband. (rence,

*Tar.* What wouldst thou wife?

*Tul.* Bee what I am not, make thee greater  
Then thou canst aime to be. (farre

*Tar.* Why, I am *Tarquin*.

*Tul.* And I *Tullia*, what of that?

What *Diapasons*, more in *Tarquins* name

Then in a *Subiects*? or what's *Tullia*

More in the sound, then to become the name:

Of a poore Maide or waiting gentlewoman?

I am a Princesse both by birth and thoughts,

Yet al's but *Tullia*, there's no resonance

In a bare stile: my title beares no breadth;

Nor hath it any state: oh me, im'e sicke!

*Tar.* Sicke Lady?

*Tul.* Sicke at heart.

*Tar.* Why my sweet *Tullia*?

*Tul.* To be a Queene I long, long, and am sicke.

With ardence, my hot appetite's a fire,

Till my swollen feuer be deliuered

Of that great title Queene, my heart's all royall,

Not to be circumscribed in seruill bounds,

While there's a King that rules the Peires of *Rome*,

*Tarquin* makes legs, and *Tullia* curtesies low,

Bowes at each nod, and must not neere the state

Without obeisance, oh! I hate this awe, my prowd heart  
cannot brooke it.

# The Rape of Lucrece.

*Tar.* Heare me wife.

*Tul.* I am no wife of *Tarquins* if not King :  
Oh had *Ione* made me man , I would haue mounted  
About the base tribunals of the earth ,  
Vp to the cloudes, for pompeous soueraignty.  
Thou art a man, oh beare my royall mind,  
Mount heauen, and see if *Tullia* lag behind ,  
There is no earth in me, I am all fire,  
Were *Tarquins* so , then should we both aspire.

*Tar.* Oh *Tullia*, though my body taste of dulnesse,  
My soule is wingd : to soare as hie as thine,  
But note what flags our wings I fortie five yeares  
The King thy father hath protected *Rome*.

*Tul.* That makes for vs : the people couet change,  
Euen the best things in time grow tedious.

*Tul.* T'would seeme vnnaturall in thee my *Tullia*,  
The reuered King, thy Father to depose :

*Tul.* A kingdomes quest, makes Sons and Fathers foes.

*Tar.* And but by *Sernius* fall we cannot climbe,  
The balme that must annoint vs is his blood.

*Tul.* Lets laue our browes then in that crimson flood,  
We must be bold and dreadlesse: who aspires,  
Mounts by the liues of Fathers, Sonnes, and Sires.

*Tar.* And so must I, since for a kingdomes loue ;  
Thou canst despise a Father for a Crowne:

*Tarquin* shall mount, *Sernius* be tumbled downe  
For he vsurpes my state, and first depose  
My Father in my swathed infancie,  
For which he shall be countant to this end,  
I haue sounded all the Peeres and Senators,  
And though vnknowne to thee my *Tullia* ,  
They all imbrace my faction , and soe they  
Loue change of state, and new King to obey.

*Tul.* Now is my *Tarquin*, worthy *Tullias* grace,  
Since in my armes, I thus a king embrace.

*Tar.* The King should meete this day in Parliament.  
With all the Senate and Estates of *Rome*;  
His place will I assume, and there proclaime,

# The Rape of Lucrece.

All our decrees in Royall *Tarquins* name.

*Florist.*

*Enter Sextus, Aruns Lucretius, Valerius, Collatine  
and Senators.*

*Luc.* May it please thee noble *Tarquin* to attend  
The King this day in the high Capitoll? *Valen*<sup>9</sup>

*Tul.* Attend?

*Tar.* We intend this day to see the Capitoll.  
You knew our father good *Lucretius*:

*Lucr.* I did my Lord.

*Tar.* Was not I his Sonne?

The Queene my mother was of royall thoughts  
and heart pure, as vnblemisht Innocence.

*Luc.* Why askes my Lord?

*Tur.* Sonnes should succeed their fathers, but anon  
You shall heare more, high time that we were gone. *Florist.*

*Exeunt: manet Collatine, and Valerius.*

*Col.* Ther's morall sure in this, *Valerius*.

Heres modell, yea, and matter too to breed

Strange Meditations in the prouident braines.

Of our graue Fathers: some strange proiect liues

This day in Cradle thats but newly borne.

*Vale.* No doubt *Collatine* no doubt heres a giddie & drunken world, it Reeles, it hath got the staggers, the common-wealth is sicke of an argue, of which nothing can cure her but some violent and sodaine affrightment.

*Colla.* The wife of *Tarquin* would bea Queene, nay of my life she is with child till shee be so.

*Vale.* And longs to bee brought to bed of a kingdome, I diuine, we shall see some scuffling to day in the Capitoll.

*Col.* If there bee any difference among the Princes and Senate whose faction will *Valerius* follow?

*Vale.* Oh *Collatine*! I am a true Citizen, and in this I will best shew my selfe to be one, to take part with the strongest. If *Seruius* orecome, I am Liegeman to *Seruius*, & if *Tarquin* subdue, I am for *Vine Tarquinius*.

*Col.* *Valerius*, no more, this talke does but keepe vs from the sight of this solemnitie: by this the Princes are entring the Capitoll: come, we must attend.

*Exeunt.*

*Senat.*

# The Rape of Lucrece.

## SENATE.

*Tarquin, Tullia, Sextus, Arnus, Lucretius one way, Brutus meeting them the other way very humorously.*

*Tar.* This place is not for fooles, this parliament assembles not the straines of Ideotisme,  
Only the graue and wisest of the Land:  
Important are th'affaires we haue in hand.  
Hence with that mome.

*Luc.* *Brutus* forbear the presence.

*Brut.* Forbear the presence I why pra'y?

*Sex.* None are admitted to this graue concourse  
But wise men: nay good *Brutus*.

*Brut.* You'le haue an emptie Parliament then.

*Arn.* Here is no room for fooles.

*Brut.* Then what makst thou here, or he, or he? oh *Impiter*? if this command be kept strictly, wee shall haue emptie benches: get you home you that are heere, for here will be nothing to doe this day: a generall concourse of wise men, 't was neuer seene since the first Chaos. *Tarquin*, if the generall rule haue no exceptions, thou wilt haue an emptie consistory.

*Tullia.* *Brutus* you trouble vs.

*Brut.* How powerfull am I you Roman deities, that am able to trouble her that troubles a whole Empire? fooles exempted, and women admitted! laugh *Democritus*, but haue you nothing, to say to Mad-men?

*Tar.* Mad-men haue here no place.

*Brut.* Then out a dores with *Tarquin*, what's he that may sit in a calme valley, and will choose to repose in a tempestuous mountaine, but a mad-man? that may liue in tranquillous pleasures, and will seeke out a Kingdomes-cares, but a mad-man? who would seeke innouation in a common-wealth in publicke, or bee ouer-ruld by a curst wise in priuate, but a foole or a mad man? giue me thy hand *Tarquin*, shall we two be dismiss together from the Capitall?

*Tar.* Restraine his follie.

*Tul.* Drive the frantique hence.

*Arn.* Nay *Brutus*.

See Good

# The Rape of Lucrece.

*Sext.* Good *Brutus*.

*Brn.* Nay soft, soft good blood of the *Tarquins*, lets haue a few cold words first, and I am gone in an instant, I claime the priuiledge of the Nobility of *Rome*, and by that priuiledge my seate in the Capitol. I am a Lord by birth, my place is as free in the Capitol as *Horatius*, thine, or thine *Lucretius*, thine *Sextus*, *Arnus* thine, or any heere: I am a Lord and you banish all the Lord fooles from the presence, youle haue few to waite vpon the King, but Gentlemen: nay, I am easily perswaded then, hands off, since you will not haue my company, you shall haue my roome.

My roome indeed, for what I seeme to bee,

*Brutus* is not, but borne great *Rome* to free,

The state is full of drop sic, and swollen bigge

With windie vapors, which my sword must pierce,

To purge th'infested blood, bred by the pride

Of these infested bloods: nay now I goe,

Behold I vanish since tis *Tarquins* mind,

One small foole goes, but great fooles leaues behind. *Exit.*

*Lucre.* Tis pittie one so generously deriu'd,

Should be depriu'd his best induements thus,

And want the true directions of the Soule.

*Tar.* To leaue these delatorie trifles, *Lords*

Now to the publique businesse of the Land.

*Lords* take your seuerall places.

*Tuc.* Not great *Tarquin*, before the King assume his regal  
Whose comming we attend. *(chrones)*

*Tulli.* Hee's come already.

*Luc.* The King?

*Tar.* The King.

*Col. Seruius?*

*Tar. Tarquinius.*

*Lucre. Seruius is King.*

*Tar.* He was, by power diuine,  
The Throne that long since he vsurps mine.  
Heere we enthroane our selues Cathedral state  
Long since detraind vs, iustly we resume.  
Then let our friends and such as loue vs scie,  
King *Tarquin* and enjoy this Soueraigntie.

# The Rape of Lucrece.

*Omnes.* Linc Tarquin and inioy this Soueraignty. *Florisb.*

*Enter Valerius.*

*Vale.* The King himselfe with such confederate Peeres.  
As stoutly embrace his faction, being inform'd  
Of Tarquins Vsurpation, armed comes,  
Neere to the entrance of the Capitoll.

*Tarq.* No man giue place, he that dares to arise  
And doe him reuerence, we his loue despise.

*Enter Seruins, Horatius, Scenola, Souldiers.*

*Ser.* Traytor.

*Tar.* Vsurper.

*Ser.* Descend.

*Tullia.* Sit still.

*Ser.* In *Seruins* name, *Romes* great imperiall Monarch,  
I charge thee *Tarquin* disinthroane thy selfe,  
and throw thee at our feet, prostrate for mercy.

*Hor.* Spoke like a King.

*Tar.* In *Tarquins* name, now *Romes* imperiall Monarch.  
We charge thee *Seruins* make free resignation,  
Of that archt-wreath thou hast vsurpt so long.

*Tul.* Words worth an Empire.

*Hor.* Shall this be brookt my Soueraigne?  
Dismount the Traitor.

*Sex.* Touch him he that dares.

*Hor.* Dares!

*Tul.* Dares.

*Ser.* Strumpet no child of mine.

*Tul.* Dotard, and not my father.

*Ser.* Kneele to thy King?

*Tul.* Submit thou to thy Queene.

*Ser.* Insufferable treason with bright steele,  
Lop downe these interponents that withstand.  
The passage to our throane.

*Hor.* That *Cocles* dares.

*Sex.* Wee with our steele guard *Tarquin* and his chaire.

*Sce.* A *Seruins*.

(*Seruins* is slaine.)

*Arn.* A *Tarquin*. A *Tarquin*.

*Tar.* Now are we king indeede, our awe is builded.

Vpon

# The Rape of Lucrece.

Vpon this Royall base, the slaughtered body  
Of a dead King : we by his ruine rise  
To a Monarchall Throane.

*Tul.* We haue our longing.

My fathers death giues me a second life  
Much better then the first, my birth was seruile,  
But this new breath of raigne is large and free,  
Welcome my second life of Soueraignty.

*Luc.* I haue a Daughter, but I hope of mettle,  
Subiect to better temperature: should my *Lucrece*  
Be of this pride, these hands should sacrifice  
Her blood vnto the Gods that dwell below,  
The abortiue brat should not out-lie my spleene,  
But *Lucrece* is my Daughter, this my Queene.

*Tul.* Teare off the Crowne, that yet empales the temples  
Of our vsurping Father: quickly Lords,  
And in the face of his yet bleeding wounds,  
Let vs receiue our honours.

*Tar.* The same breath  
Giues our state life, that was the Vsurpers death.

*Tul.* Here then by heauens hand wee inuest our selues:  
Musique, whose lofliest tunes grace Princes crown'd,  
Vnto our noble Coronation sound.

*Floris*

*Enter Valerius with Horatius and Scenola.*

*Targ.* Whom doth *Valerius* to our state present?

*Val.* Two valiant Romans, this *Horatius Cocles*,  
This Gentleman cald *Mutius Scenola*.

Who whilst King *Seruius* wore the Diadem,  
Vpheld his sway and Prince-dome by their loues,  
But he being false, since all the Peeres of *Rome*  
Applaud King *Tarquinius* in his Soueraignty,  
They with like suffrage greet your Coronation.

*Hor.* This hand aside vnto the Roman Crowne,  
Whom neuer feare delected, or cast low,  
Laies his victorious sword at *Tarquinius* feet,  
And prostrates with sword allegiance.



## The Rape of Lucrece.

King *Servius* life we lou'd, but he expir'd,  
Great *Tarquins* life is in our hearts desir'd.

*Ser* Who whilst he rules with iustice and integrity  
Shall with our dreadles hands our hearts command,  
Euen with the best imploiments of our liues,  
Since Fortune lists thee, we submit to Fate,  
Our selues are vassals to the Roman state.

*Targ.* Your roomes were emptie in our traine of friends,  
Which we reioyce to see so well supplide:  
Receiue our grace, liue in our clement fauours,  
In whose submission our young glory growes  
To his ripe height: fall in our friendly traine,  
And strengthen with your loues our infant Raigne.

*Hor.* We liue for *Tarquin*.

*Ser.* And to thee alone, whilst iustice keepes thy sword  
and thou thy Throne.

*Tar.* Then are you ours, and now conduct vs straight,  
In triumph through the populous streets of *Rome*.  
To the Kings Pallace our Maiesticke tear.  
Your hearts though freely proffred, we intreat.

*Sennat.* As they march, *Tullia* treads on her Father & saies

*Tullia.* What blocke is that we tread on?

*Luc.* Tis the bodie  
Of your deceased Father Madam, Queene  
Your shoe is crimfond with his vitall blood.

*Tul.* No matter, let his mangled body lie,  
And with his base confederates strew the streets,  
That in disgrace of his vsurped pride,  
We ore his truncke may in our Chariot ride:  
For mounted like a Queene, t'would doe me good  
To wash my Coach-mans in my Fathers blood.

*Luc.* Heeres a good Child.

*Tar.* Remoue it wee command, and beare his carcasse to  
Where after this deiection, let it haue (the funerall pile,  
His solemne and due obsequies: faire *Tullia*,  
Thy hate to him growes from thy loue to vs,  
Thou shewest thy selfe in this vnnaturall strife  
An vnkind Daughter, but a louing wife.



# The Rape of Lucrece.

But on vnto our Pallace this blest day,  
A Kings encrease growes by a Kings decay.

*Brutus alone.*

*Brutus.* Murder the King! a high and Capitoll treason,  
Those Giants that wag'd warre against the Gods,  
For which ore-whelmed Mountaines hurld by *Ioue*  
To scatter them, and giue them timeles graues,  
Was not more cruell then this butcherie,  
This slaughter made by *Tarquin*, but the *Queene*,  
A woman, fie, fie: did not this shee-paracide  
Adde to her Fathers wounds? and when his body  
Lay all besmeard and staynd in the blood royall,  
Did not this Monster, this infernall hagge,  
Make her vnwilling Chariotter driue on,  
And with his shod wheelles crush her Fathers bones,  
Breake his craz'd seull, and dash his sparkled braines  
Vpon the pauements, whilst she held the raines?  
The affrighted Sun at this abhorred object,  
Put on a maske of bloud and yet she blusht not,  
*Ioue* art thou iust, hast thou reward for pietie?  
And for offence no vengeance? or canst punish  
Fellons, and pardon Traitors, chastise Murderers,  
And winke at Paracides? if thou be worthy  
As well we know thou art, to fill the Throane  
Of all eternitie, then with that hand  
That flings the Trisulke thunder, let the pride  
Of these our irreligious monarkifers  
Be Crown'd in blood: this makes poore *Brutus* mad,  
To see sin frolique, and the vertuous sad.

*Enter Sextus and Arnus.*

*Arn.* Soft, heeres *Brutus*, let vs acquaint him with the  
newes.

*Sex.* Content: now Cousen *Brutus*.

*Bru.* Who I your kinsman? though I be of the blood of  
the *Tarquins* yet no cousen gentle Prince.

# The Rape of Lucrece.

*Arn.* And why so *Brutus*, Scorne you our alliance?

*Bru.* No, I was couden to the Tarquins, when they were subiects, but dare claime no kindred as they are soueraignes: *Brutus* is not so mad though he be merry, but he hath wit enough to keepe his head on his shoulders.

*Arn.* Why doe you Lords thus loose your houres, and neither professe warre nor domesticke profit? the first might beget you loue, the other riches.

*Bru.* Because I would liue, haue I not answered you because I would liue? fooles and mad men are no rubs in the way of Vsurpers, the firmament can broeke but one Sunne, and for my part I must not shine: I had rather liue an obscure blacke, then appeares a faire white to be shot at, the end of all is, I would liue: had *Seruius* beene a shrub, the wind had not shooke him, or a mad-man, hee had not perisht: I couet no more wit nor imployment then as much as will keepe life and soule together, I would but liue.

*Arn.* You are satyricall couden *Brutus*, but to the purpose: the king dreamt a strange ominous dreame last night, and to be resolu'd of the euent, my brother *Sextus* and I must to the Oracle.

*Sex.* And because wee would be well accompanied, wee haue got leaue of the king that you *Brutus* shall associate vs, for our purpose is to make a merry journey on't.

*Bru.* So youle earry me along with you to be your foole, and make you merrie.

*Sext.* Not our foole, but——

*Bru.* To make you merrie: I shall, nay, I will make you merrie, or tickle you till you laugh, the Oracle! ile go to bee resolu'd of some doubts priuate to my selfe: nay Princes, I am so much indeer'd both to your loues and companies, that you shall not haue the power to bee rid of mee, what li-  
mits haue we for our journey?

*Sext.* Five dayes: no more.

*Brut.* I shall fit mee to your preparations, but one thing more, goes *Collatine* along?

*Sext.*

# The Rape of Lucrece.

*Sext.* *Collatine* is troubled with the common disease of all new married men, hee's sicke of the wife, his excuse is forsooth that *Lucrece* will not let him goe, but you having neither wife nor wit to hold you, I hope will not disappoint vs.

*Brut.* Had I both, yet should you preuaile with me about either.

*Arri.* We shall expect you.

*Brut.* *Horatius Cocles*, & *Mutius Scaevola* are not engag'd in this expedition.

*Arri.* No, they attend the King, farwell.

*Brut.* *Lucretius* stayes at home to, and *Valerius*.

*Sext.* The Pallace cannot spare them.

*Brut.* None but we three?

*Sext.* Wee three.

*Brut.* Wee three, well fve dayes hence.

*Sext.* You haue the time, farwell.

*Exeunt, Sextus and Arrius.*

*Brut.* The time I hope cannot be Circumscribde.

Within so short a limit, *Rome* and I

Are not so happy; what's the reason then,

Heauen spares his rod so long? *Mercurie* tell me!

I hau't, the fruit of pride is yet but greene,

Not mellow, though it growes apace, it comes not

To his full height: *Ioue* oft delays his vengeance,

That when it haps t'may prooue more terrible.

Dispaire not *Brutus* then, but let thy countrey

And thee take this last comfort after all,

Pride when thy fruit is ripe t'must rot and fall.

But to the Oracle.

*Enter Horatius Cocles, Mutius Scaevola.*

*Hor.* I would I were no Roman.

*Sce.* *Cocles* why?

*Hor.* I am discontented and dare not speake my thoughts.

*Sce.* What, shall I speake them for you?

*Hor.* *Mutius* doe.

# The Rape of Lucrece.

*Sceno.* Tarquin is proud.

*Hora.* Thou hast them.

*Sceno.* Tyrannous.

*Hor.* True.

*Sc.* Insufferable losie.

*Hor.* Thou hast hit me.

*Sceno.* And shall I tell thee what I prophesie  
Of his succeeding rule?

*Ho.* No, I'll do't for thee, *Tarquins* abilitie will in the weale,  
Beger a weake vnable impotence:

His strength, make *Rome* and our Dominions weake,  
His soaring high, make vs to flag our wings,  
And flie close by the earth: his golden feathers  
Are of such vastnes, that they spread like sayles,  
And so becalme vs, that wee haue not aire (Elements.  
Able to raise our plumes, to tast the pleasures of our owne

*Sceno.* Wee are one heart, our thought and our desires  
are sutable.

*Hora.* Since he was King he beares him like a God,  
His wife like *Pallas*, or the wife of *Ioue*.  
Will not be spoke to without sacrifice,  
And homage sole due to the Deities.

*Enter Lucretius.*

*Sceno.* What hast with good *Lucretius*?

*Lucre.* Hast, but small speed,  
I had an earnest suite vnto the King,  
About some businesse that concernes the weale  
Of *Rome* and vs, twil not be listned too,  
He has tooke vpon him such ambitious state,  
That he abandons conference with his peeres,  
Or if he chance to endure our tongues so much,  
As but to heare their sonance, he despises  
The intent of all our speeches, our aduises,  
And counsell: thinking his owne iudgement only  
To be approued in matters militarie,  
And in affaires domesticke, we are but mutes,  
And fellowes of no parts, viols vnstrung,  
Our notes too harsh to strike in *Princes* eares,  
Great *Ioue* amend it.

*Hora*

# The Rape of Lucrece

Hor. Whither will you my Lord?

Luc. No matter where if frō the Court, Il'e home to *Collatine*  
And to my daughter *Lucrece* : home breeds safety,  
Dangers begot in Court, a life retir'd  
Must please me now perforce : then noble *Scenola*,  
And you my deere *Horatius*, farwell both,  
Where industrie is scorn'd lets welcome sloth. Enter *Collatine*.

Hor. Nay good *Lucretius* doe not leaue vs thus,  
See heere comes *Collatine*, but wheres *Valerius*?  
How does he tast these times?

Col. Not giddily like *Brutus*, passionately (like  
Like old *Lucretius* with his teare swolne eies, Not laughingly  
Nor bluntly like *Horatius Cocles* here. (*Mutius Scenola*,  
He has vsurpt a stranger garbe of humour,  
Distinct from these in nature euery way.

Luc. How is he relisht can his eyes forbear?  
In this strange state to shed a passionate teare.

Sce. Can he forbear to laugh with *Scenola*,  
At that which passionate weeping cannot mend?

Hor. Nay can his thought shape ought but melancholy  
To see these dangerous passages of state,  
How is he temper'd noble *Collatine*?

Colla. Strangely, he is all song, hee's dirty all,  
Note that *Valerius* hath giuen vp the Court  
And weand himselfe from the kings consistory  
In which his sweet harmonious tongue grew harsh,  
Whether it be that he is discontent,  
Yet would not so appeare before the King,  
Or whether in applause of these new Edicts,  
Which so distast the people, or what cause  
I know not, but now hee's all muscull.  
Vnto the counsell chamber he goes singing,  
And whilest the King his wilfull edicts makes,  
In which nones tongue is powerfull saue the kings,  
Hee's in a corner relishing strange aires.  
Conclusiue he's from a toward hopefull gentleman.  
Transeshapt to a meere balleter, none knowing  
Whence should proceed this transmutation. Enter *Valerius*.

# *The Rape of Lucrece.*

*Hor.* See where he comes. *Morrow Valerius.*

*Lucre.* *Morrow my Lord.*

## *The first Song.*

*Vale.* *When Tarquin first in Court began,  
And was approoued King:  
So men for sodainciou gan weepe,  
But I for sorrow sing.*

*See.* *Ha, ha, how long has my Valerius.  
Put on this straine of mirth, or what's the cause?*

## *The second Song.*

*Vale.* *Let humor change and spare not,  
Since Tarquin's proud, I care not,  
His faire words so bewitch my delight,  
That I doted on his sight.  
Now he is changd, cruell thoughts embracing,  
And my deserts disgracing.*

*Hor.* *Vpon my life he's either mad or loue-sicke;  
Oh can Valerius, but so late a states-man,  
Of whom the publique weale deseru'd so well,  
Tune out his age in songs and Cansoners.  
Whose voice should thunder counsell in the eares.  
Of Tarquin and proud Tullia? thinke Valerius  
What that proud woman Tullia is, twil put thee  
Quite out of tune.*

## *The third Song.*

*Vale.* *Now what is loue I will thee tell,  
It is the fountaine and the well,  
Where pleasure and repentance dwell,  
It is perhaps the sanning bell,  
That rings all into heauen or hell.  
And this is loue, and this is loue, as I heere tell.*

*Now what is loue I will you shew,  
A thing that creeps and cannot goe:  
A prize that passeth too and fro,  
A thing for mee, and a thing for mee,  
And he that proues shall find it so,  
And this is loue, and this is loue, sweet friend I tro.*

*Lucre.*

# The Rape of Lucrece.

*Lucre.* *Valerius* I shall quickly change thy cheere,  
And make thy passionate eyes lament with mine,  
Thinke how that worthy Prince our kinsman King  
Was butchered in the Marble Capitoll.  
Shall *Servius Tullius* vnregarded die  
Alone of thee, whom all the *Romane Ladies*,  
Euen yet with teare-swollen eyes, and sorrowfull soules,  
Compassionate, as well be merited;  
To these lamenting dames what canst thou sing?  
Whole griefe through all the *Romane Temples* ring.

## The fourth Song.

*Va.* Lament Ladies lament,  
Lament the Roman land,  
The King is fra thee hent.  
Was doughtie on his hand,  
Weele gang into the Kirke,  
His dead corps weele embrace,  
And when we sea ha dean,  
We ay will cry alas. *Fa la lero la.*  
*Tarara raronnetare &c.*

*Hora.* This musicke mads me, I all mirth despise.

*Luc.* To heare him sing drawes riuers from mine eyes.

*Sceno.* It pleaseth me for since the court is harsh,  
And lookes a skance on souldiers, lets be merry,  
Court Ladies, sing, drinke, dance, and euery man  
Get him a mistris, coach it in the Countrey,  
And tast the sweetes of it: what thinks *Valerius*  
Of *Senolaes* last counsell?

## The fift Song.

*Va.* Why since we souldiers cannot proue,  
And griefe it is to vs therefore,  
Let euery man get him a loue,  
To trim her well, and fight no more.  
That we may tast of louers blisse,  
Be merry and blith, imbrace and kisse,  
That Ladies may say, some more of this,  
That Ladies may say, some more of this.

# The Rape Lucrece

Since Court and Citie both grow proud,  
And safety you delight to heare,  
Wee in the Country will vs shroud,  
Where lyes to please both eye and eare:  
The Nightingale sings Ing, Ing, Ing,  
The little Lambs leaps after his dug,  
And the pretty milke-maids she looke so smug,  
And the pretty milke-maids, &c.

Come *Scenola*, shall we goe and be idle?

*Luc.* Ile in to weepe.

*Hora.* But I my gall to grate.

*Sceno.* Ile laugh at time, till it will change our Fate.

*Exeunt they. Manet Collatine.*

*Colla.* Thou art not what thou seem'st, Lord *Scenola*,  
Thy heart mournes in thee, though thy visage smile,  
And so doe's thy soule weepe, *Valerius*,  
Although thy habit sing, for these new humors  
Are but put on for safety, and to arme them  
Against the pride of *Tarquin*, from whose danger,  
None great in loue, in counsell, or opinion,  
Can be kept safe: this makes me loose my houres  
At home with *Lucrece*, and abandon court.

*Enter Clowne.*

*Clow.* Fortune I embrace thee, that thou hast assisted mee  
in finding my master, the Gods of good Rome keepe my  
Lord and master out of all bad company.

*Colla.* Sirra the newes with you.

*Clow.* Would you ha Court newes, Camps newes, City  
newes, or Country newes, or would you know whats the  
newes at home?

*Col.* Let me know all the newes.

*Clow.* The newes at Court is, that a small legge and a filke  
stocking is in the fashion for your Lord: And the water that  
God *Mercury* makes is in request with your Ladie. The hea-  
uines of the kings wine makes many a light head, and the em-  
ines of his dishe many full bellies, eating and drinking was  
newer



## The Rape of Lucrece.

neuer more in vse : you shall find the baddest legs in bootes, and the worst faces in masks. They keepe their old stomackes still, the kings good Cooke had the most wrong : for that which was wont to bee priuate only to him, is now vsurp among all the other officers : for now euery man in his place to the preiudice of the maister Cooke makes bold to lick his

*Col.* The newes in the campe. (owne fingers.

*Clo.* The greatest newes in the campe is, that there is no newes at all, for being no campe at all, how can there be any tidings from it ?

*Col.* Then for the city.

*Clo.* The Senators are rich, their wiues faire, credit grows cheap, & trafficke deare, for you ha many that are broke, the poorest man that is, may take vp what he will, so he will bee but bound to a post till he pay the debt: There was one courtier lay with twelue mens wiues in the suburbs, and pressing furdur to make one more cuckold within the walles, and being taken with manner, had nothing to say for himselfe, but this, he that made twelue made thirteene.

*Col.* Now sir for the country.

*Clo.* There is no newes there but at the Ale-house, ther's the most receit, and it is not strange my Lord, that so many men loue ale that know not what ale is.

*Col.* Why, what is ale ?

*Clo.* Why, ale is a kind of iuice made of the precious graine called Malt, and what is malt ? Malt's M, A, L, T, and what is M, A, L, T, M much, A ale, L little, T thrift, that is much ale, little thrift.

*Colla.* Onely the newes at home, and I haue done.

*Clo.* My Lady must needes speake with you about earnest busines, that concernes her neerely, and I was sent in all hast to entreate your Lordship to come away.

*Col.* And couldest thou not haue told me Lucrece stay, And I stand trifling here, follow away.

*Clo.* I mary sir, the way into her were a way worth following, and thats the reason that so many seruing-men that are familiar with their mistresses, haue lost the name of Sem-

# The Rape of Lucrece.

tors, and are now called their masters followers. Rest you merry.

*Sound musique.*

*Apolloes Priests with Tapers, after them, Arnus Sextus and Brutus, with their oblations, all kneeling before the Oracle.*

*Priest.* O thou Delphian God inspire  
Thy Priests, and with celestiall fire  
Shot from thy beames crowne our desire,  
that we may follow.

In these thy true and hallowed measures,  
The utmost of thy heavenly treasures,  
According to the thoughts and pleasures  
Of great *Apollo*.

Our hearts with inflammations burne,  
Great *Tarquin* and his people mourne,  
Till from thy Temple we returne.

With some gladtyding.  
Then tell vs, shall great *Rome* be blest,  
And royall *Tarquin* liue in rest.  
That giues his high enobled breast  
To thy safe guying?

*Oracle.* Then *Rome* her ancient honors wins.  
When shee is purg'd from *Tullius* sins.

*Brut.* Gramercies *Phæbus* for these spels,  
*Phæbus* alone, alone excels.

*Sex.* *Tullia* perhaps find in our grandfires death;  
And hath not yet by reconcilment made  
Attone with *Phæbus*, at whose shrine we kneele:  
Yet gentle Priest, let vs thus farre preuaile,  
To know if *Tarquins* seed shall gouerne *Rome*,  
And by succession claime the royall wreath?  
Behold me younger of the *Tarquins* race:

This elder *Arnus*, both the sons of *Tullia*.  
This *Iunius Brutus* though a mad-man, yet  
Of the high blood of the *Tarquins*. (bright

*Priest.* *Sextus* peace: tell vs O thou that shinest so  
From whom the world receiues his light,  
Whose absence is perpetuall night,

Whose praises ring.

# The Rape of Lucrece.

It is with heavens applause decreed,  
When *Tarquins* Soule from earth is freed,  
That noble *Sextus* shall succeed

In *Rome* as King.

*Brn.* I Oracle, hast thou lost thy tongue?

*Arn.* Tempt him againe faire Priest.

*Sex.* If not as King, let Delphian *Phæbus* yet  
Thus much resolve vs, who shall gouerne *Rome*,  
Or of vs three beare greatest preheminance?  
*Priest.* *Sextus* I will, yet sacred *Phæbus* we entreate,  
Which of these three shall be great  
With largest power and state repleat

By the heavens doome?

*Phæbus* thy thoughts no longer smother.

Oracle. He that first shall kisse his mother.  
Shall be powerfull, and no other

Of you three in *Rome*.

*Sext.* Shall kisse his mother!

*Brutus* falls.

*Brutus.* Mother Earth, to thee an humble kisse I tender.

*Arnus.* What meanes *Brutus*?

*Brn.* The blood of the slaughtered sacrifice made this  
floore as slippery as the place where *Tarquin* treads, tis glassie  
and as smooth as yce: I was proud to heare the Oracle so gra-  
cious to the blood of the *Tarquins*, and so I fell.

*Sext.* Nothing but so, then to the Oracle.  
I charge thee *Arnus*, *Iunius Brutus* thee,  
To keepe the sacred doome of the Oracle  
From all our traine, least when the yonger lad  
Our brother now at home sits dandled.

Vpon faire *Tullias* lap, this vnderstanding  
May kisse our beauteous mother, and succeed.

*Arn.* Let the charge goe round,  
It shall goe hard but ile prevent you *Sextus*.

*Sex.* I feare not the madman *Brutus*, and for *Arnus* let me  
alone to buckle with him, Ile be the first at my mothers lips  
for a kingdome.

*Brn.* If the madman haue not bin before you *Sextus*, if O-  
racles be Oracles, their phrases are mysticall, they speake still in  
clouds.

## The Rape of Lucrece.

clouds : had he meant a naturall mother hee would ha spoke  
it by circumstance.

*Sex. Tullia*, if euer thy lips were pleasing to mee, let it bee  
at my returne from the Oracle.

*Arms*. If a kisse will make me a King, *Tullia* I will spring  
to thee, though through the blood of *Sextus*.

*Brut*. Earth I acknowledge no mother but thee, accept  
me as thy Son, and I shall shine as bright in *Rome* as *Apollo*  
himselfe in his temple at *Delphos*.

*Sext*. Our Superstitions ended, sacred Priest,  
Since we haue had free answer from the Gods,  
To whose faire altars we haue done due right,  
And hollowed them with presents acceptable,  
Lets now returne, treading these holy measures,  
With which we entred great *Apolloes* Temple.  
Now *Phoebus* let thy sweet tun'd organes sound,  
Whose sphere like musicke must direct our feet  
Vpon the marble pauement : after this  
Wee'l gaine a kingdome by a mothers kisse.

*Exeunt,*

*Sennat.*

A table and chaires prepared *Tarquin, Tullia, and Collatine,*  
*Scevola, Horatius, Lucretius, Valerius, Lords.*

*Tarquin*. Attend vs with your persons, but your cares  
Be deafe vnto our counsell. *The Lords fall off on eicher*

*Tul*. Further yet. *side and attend.*

*Tarq*. Now *Tullia* what must be concluded next ?

*Tullia*. The kingdome you haue got by pollicy  
You must maintaine by pride.

*Tarquin*. Good.

*Tullia*. Those that were late of the Kings faction  
cut off for feare they proue rebellious.

*Tarquin*. Better.

*Tullia*. Since you gaine nothing by the popular loue,  
Maintaine by feare your Princedome.

*Tar*. Excellent, thou art our Oracle, and saue from thee  
We will admit no counsell, we obtaind  
Our state by cunning, O it must be kept by strength.  
And such as cannot loue, wee'l teach to feare,

# The Rape of Lucrece.

To encourage which vpon a better iudgement,  
And to strike greater terror to the world,  
I ha forbid thy fathers funerall.

*Tul.* No matter.

*Tar.* All capitall causes are by vs discust,  
Trauerst, and executed without counsell.  
We challenge too by our prerogatiue,  
The goods of such as strine against our state,  
The freest Citizens without attaint,  
Arraigne, or judgement, we to exile doome,  
The poorer are our drudges, rich our prey,  
And such as dare not strine our rule obey.

*Tul.* Kings are as Gods, and diuine Scepters beare,  
The Gods commaund for mortall tribute feare.  
But Royall Lord, wee that despise their loue,  
Must seeke some meanes how to mayntaine this awe.

*Targ.* By forraigne leagues, and by our strength abroad.  
Shall we that are degreed aboue our people,  
Whom heauen hath made our vassals, raigne with them?  
No Kings about the rest tribunald hie,  
Should with no meaner then with Kings allie:  
For this we to *Mamilius Tusculan*  
The Latin King ha giuen in marriage  
Our Royall daughter: now his people's ours,  
The neighbour Princes are subdude by armes:  
And whom we could not conquer by constraint,  
Them he we sought to win by curtesie,  
Kings that are proud, yet would secure their owne,  
By loue abroad, shall purchase feare at home.

*Tul.* We are secure, then yet our greatestt strength  
Is in our children, how dare treason looke  
Vs in the face, haping issue? barren Princes  
Breed danger in their singularitie,  
Hauing we to succeed, their claime dies in them:  
But when in topping on three *Tarquins* more,  
Like *Hidraes* heads grow to reuenge his death,  
It terrifies blacke treason.

*Tar.* *Tullia's* wife, & apprehensiu: were our Princely sons

# The Rape of Lucrece.

*Sextus* and *Arnus* backe returned safe,  
With an applausive answere of the Gods  
From th'*Oracle*, our state were able then  
Being Gods our selues, to scorne the hate of men;

*Enter Sextus, Arnus, and Brutus.*

*Sex.* Where's *Tullia*?

*Arn.* Where's our Mother?

*Hor.* Yonder Princes at Councell with the King.

*Tul.* Our sonnes return'd.

*Sex.* Royall Mother.

*Arn.* Renowned Queene.

*Sex.* I loue her best, therefore will *Sextus* do his duty first.

*Arn.* Being eldest in my birth, Ile not be youngest

In zeale to *Tullia*.

*Brut.* Too't Lads.

*Arnus.* Mother a kisse.

*Sex.* Though last in birth, let me be first in loue.

A kisse faire mother.

*Arn.* Shall I loose my right?

*Sext.* *Arnus* shall downe, were *Arnus* twice my Brother,  
If he presume fore me to kisse my mother.

*Arn.* I *Sextus*, think this kisse to be a Crowne; thus would

*Sex.* *Arnus* thou must downe. (we tug for't.

*Targ.* Restraine thine Lords.

*Brut.* Nay too't boyes, O tis braue, they tug for shadowes;  
I the substance haue.

*Arn.* Through armed gates, & thousand swords ile breake  
To shew my duty, let my valour speake.

*Breakes from the Lords and kisses her.*

*Sex.* Oh heauens! you haue disoln'd me.

*Arn.* Here I stand, what I ha done to answere with this hand.

*Sex.* Oh all ye Delphian Gods looke downe and see  
How for these wrongs I will reuenged be.

*Tar.* Curbe in the prowd boyes fury, let vs know  
From whence this discord riseth.

*Tullia.* From our loue, how happy are we in our issue now  
When as our sons, euen with their blouds contend,  
To exceed in dutie, we accept your zeale.

This

# The Rape of Lucrece.

This your superlatiue degree of kindnesse  
So much preuailes with vs, that to the King  
We engag'd our owne deere loue twixt his incensement  
And your presumption, you are pardoned both.  
And *Sextus* though you faild in your first proffer,  
We do not yet esteeme you least in loue, ascend and touch

*Sext.* Thanke you, no. (our lips)

*Tullia.* Then to thy kneewe will descend thus low.

*Sex.* Nay now it shall not need: how great's my heart!

*Arn.* In *Tarquins* Crowne thou now hast lost thy part.

*Sex.* No kissing now, *Tarquin*, great *Queene* adiew.

*Arnus.* On earth we ha no foe but you.

*Tarq.* What meanes this their vnnaturall enmitie?

*Tullia.* Hate, borne from loue.

*Tar.* Resolue vs then, how did the Gods accept  
Our sacrifice, how are they pleas'd with vs?

How long will they applaud our soueraignty?

*Bru.* Shall I tell the King.

*Tar.* Doe Cousen, with the procelle of your iourney.

*Bru.* I will. Wee went from hither, when we went from  
hence, arriued thither when wee landed there, made an end  
of our prayers when wee had done our Orisons, when thus  
quoth *Phæbus*, *Tarquin* shall be happy whilst he is blest,  
gouerne while he raignes, wake when he sleepest not, sleepe  
when hee wakes not, quaffe when he drinks, feede when he  
eates, gape when his mouth opens, liue till he die, & die when  
hee can liue no longer. So *Phæbus* commends him to you.

*Tar.* Mad *Brutus* still, Son *Arnus*. What say you?

*Arn.* That the great Gods to whom the potent King  
Of this large Empire sacrific'd by vs,  
Applaud your raigne, commend your soueraignty:  
And by a generall Synode grant to *Tarquin*,  
Long dayes faire hopes, Maiestique gouernment.

*Bru.* Adding withall, that to depose the late King which in  
others, had bin arch-treason, in *Tarquin* was honor: what in  
*Brutus* had bin vsurpation, in *Tarquin* was lawful succession:  
& for *Tullia*, thogh it be paracide for a child to kil her father,  
in *Tullia* it was charity by death, torid him of al his calamities.

## The Rape of Lucrece

*Phaebus* himselfe said she was a good child, and shall not I say  
as he sayes, to tread vpon her fathers skull, sparple his braines  
vpon her Chariot wheele,

And weare the sacred tincture of his blood  
Vpon her seruile shooe? but more then this,  
After his death deny him the due claime  
Of all mortality, a funerall,  
And earthen sepulchre, this, this, quoth the Oracle,  
Saue *Tullia* none would doe.

(incens'd)

*Tul. Brutus* no more, least with the eyes of wrath and fury  
We looke into thy honour: were not madnes  
And folly to thy words a priuiledge,  
Euen in thy last reproofe of our proceedings  
Thou hast pronounc't thy death.

*Brut.* If *Tullia* will send *Brutus* abroad for newes, and after  
at his returne not endure the telling of it: let *Tullia* either  
get closer eares, or get for *Brutus* a stricter tonguc.

*Tullia.* How sir? *Brut.* God bo' ye.

*Tarq.* Alas tis madnes (pardon him) not spleene,  
Nor is it hate, but frenzie, we are pleas'd  
To heare the Gods propitious to our prayers.  
But whither's *Sextus* gone? resolute vs *Cocles*.  
We saw thee in his parting follow him.

*Hora.* I heard him say, hee would straight take his horse  
And to the warlike *Gabines* enemies to *Rome*, and you.

*Tar.* Saue them we haue no opposites.  
Dares the proud boy confederate with our foes?  
Attend vs Lords, we must new battle wage,  
And with bright armes cōfront the prond boyes rage. *Exeunt*

*Mant, Lucretius, Collatine, Horatius, Valerius, Scaenola.*

*Hor.* Had I as many soules as drops of blood  
In these branch't vaines, as many liues as starres  
Stucke in yond azure Rose, and were to die  
More deaths then I haue wasted weary minutes,  
To grow to this, ide hazard all and more,  
To purchase fredome to thus bondag'd *Rome*. (light)

I'me vex't to see this virgin conqueresse weare shackles in my

*Luc.* Oh would my teares would rid great *Rome* of these  
prodigious feares.

*Enter*



# The Rape of Lucrece.

Enter Brutus.

*Brn.* What, weeping ripe *Lucretius*? possible? now Lords,  
Eads, friends, fellowes, yong madcaps, gallants, & old court-  
ly ruffians, all subiects vnder one tyranny, & therefore should  
be partners of one and the same vnanimity. Shall we goe sin-  
gle our selues by two & two, & go talke treason? then tis but  
his yea, and my nay, if we be cald to question: Or shals goe  
wse some violent bustling to breake through this thorny ser-  
uitude, or shal we euery man go sit like O man in desperation,  
and with *Lucretius* weepe at *Romes* misery: now am I for all  
things any thing or nothing, I can laugh with *Scenola*, weepe  
with this good old man, sing *oh bone bone* with *Valerius*, fret  
with *Horatius Cocles*, be mad like my selfe, or neutriz with  
*Collatine*. Say what shal's doe?

*Hora. Frer, Val. Sing, Luc. Weepe, Sceno. Laugh.* (still sad.)

*Brn.* Rather lets al be mad that *Tarquin* he stil raineth, *Rom's*

*Col.* You are madmen all that yeild so much to passion.

You lay your selues too open to your enemies,  
That would be glad to prie into your deedes,  
And catch aduantage to ensnare our liues.  
The kings feare like a shadow dogs you still,  
Nor can you walke without it: I commend  
*Valerius* most, and noble *Scenola*,  
That what they cannot mend, seeme not to mind,  
By my consent lets all weare out our houres (dance,  
In harmeles sports: hauke, hunt, game, sing, drinke,  
So shall wee seeme offenceles and liue safe.  
In dangers bloody iawes where being humerous,  
Cloudy and curiously inquisitiue  
Into the Kings proceedings, there arm'd feare  
May search vnto vs, call our deeds to question,  
And so preuent all future expectation:  
Of wisht amendment let vs stay the time,  
Till heauen haue made them ripe for iust reuenge,  
When opportunitie is offred vs,  
And then strike home, till then doe what you please:  
No discontented thought my mind shall ceaze.

*Brn.* I am of *Collatines* mind now, *Valerius* sing vs a baudy

# The Rape of Lucrece.

songs and mak's merry : nay it shall bee so.

*Valer.* Brutus shall pardon mee.

*Scen.* The time that should haue beene seriously spent in the State house, I ha learnt securely to spend in a wenching house, and now I professe my selfe any thing but a Stateman.

*Hor.* The more thy vanity. *Luc.* The lesse thy honour.

*Valer.* The more his safety, and the lesse his feare.

*Brut.* We ha beene mad Lords long, now let vs bee merry Lords, *Hor.* maugre thy melancholy, and *Lucretius* in spright of thy sorrow, Ile haue a song a subiect for the ditty.

*Hor.* Great *Tarquins* pride, and *Tulliaes* cruelty.

*Brut.* Dangerous, no.

(City.

*Luc.* The tyrannies of the Court, and vassalage of the

*Scen.* Neither shall I giue the subiect?

*Brut.* Doe, and let it be of all the pretty wenches in *Rome*.

*Scen.* It shall, it shall, shall it *Valerius*? (conuersance.

*Val.* Any thing according to my poore acquaintace & little

*Brut.* Nay you shall stay *Horatius*; *Lucretius* so shall you, hee remoues himselfe from the loue of *Brutus*, that shrinkes my side till wee haue had a song of all the pretty suburbians: sit round, when *Valerius*?

## The sixth Song.

*Valer.* Shall I woe thee louely Molly,

She's so faire, so fat, so iolly,

But she has a trick of folly,

Therefore ile haue none of Molly. No no no, no no, no.

Ile ha none of Molly, no no no.

Oh the cherry lips of Nelly,

They are red and soft as ielly,

But too well she lones her belly,

Therefore ile haue none of Nelly. No, no, no, &c.

What say you to bonny Betty,

Ha you seene a lasse so pretty?

But her body is so sweatty,

Therefore ile ha none of Betty. No, no, no, no, no.

When I dally with my Dolly,

She is full of melancholly,

Oh that wench is pestilent holly,

There

# The Rape of Lucrece.

Therefore ile haue none of Dolly, No, no, no, &c.

I could fancy louely Nanny,

But she has the lones of many,

Yet herselfe she lones not any,

Therefore ile haue none of Nanny, no, no, &c.

In a flax shop I spide Ratchell,

Where shee her flax and tow did hatchell,

But her cheekes hang like a satchell,

Therefore ile haue none of Ratchell, No, no, &c.

In corner I met Biddy,

Her heeles were light her head was giddy,

She fell downe and somewhat did I,

Therefore ile haue none of Biddy, No, no, &c.

**Brut.** The rest weel here within, what offence is there in this  
Lucretius? what hurt's in this Horatius? is it not better to sing  
with our heads on, thē to bleed with our heads off? I nere took  
Collatine for Politician till now, come Valerius, weele run  
ouer all the wenches of Rome, from the cōunity of lasciuious  
Flora, to the chastity of diuine Lucrece, come good Hertio.

*Enter Lucrece, Maide and Clowne.* (Exeunt.

**Luc.** A Chaire.

**Clow.** A chaire for my Lady, Mistris Mirable do you not

**Luc.** Come neere sir, be lesse officious (here my Lady call.

In duty, and vse more attention,

Nay Gentlewoman we exempt not you

From our discourse, but you must afford an eare.

As well as he, to what we ha to say.

**Maid.** I still remaine your hand-maide.

**Luc.** Sirrah I ha seene you oft familiar

With this my maide and waiting Gentlewoman,

As casting amorous glances, wanton lookes,

And priuy becks, sauouring incontinence,

I let you know you are not for my seruice.

Vnlesse you grow more ciuill.

**Clow.** Indeed Madam for my owne part I wish Mistris  
Mirable well, as one fellow seruant ought to wish to ano-  
ther, but to say that euer I flung any sheeps eyes in her face,  
how say you mistris Mirable did I euer offer it?

*Lucrece.*

## The Rape of Lucrece.

*Luc.* Nay Mistris I ha scene you answere him  
With gracious lookes, and some vnciuill smiles,  
Retortring eyes, and giuing his demeanure  
Such welcome as becomes not modesty.  
Know hence-forth there shall no lasciuious phrasc,  
Suspitious looke, or shadow of incontinence,  
Be entertain'd by any that attend on Roman *Lucrece*.

*Maide.* Madam I!

*Luc.* Excuse it not, for my premeditate thought  
Speakes nothing out of rashnesse, nor vaine heare lay.  
But what my owne experience testifies  
Against you both, let then this mild reproofe,  
Forewarne you of the like: my reputation  
Which is held precious in the cies of *Rome*,  
Shall beno shelter to the least intent.  
Of loosenesse leaue all familiaritie,  
And quite renounce acquaintance, or I heere discharge you  
both my seruice.

*Clown.* For my owne part Madam, as I am a true Roman  
by nature, though no Roman by my nose, I neuer spent the  
least lip labour on mistris *Mirable*, neuer so much as glanc'd  
neuer vs'd any wincking or pinking, neuer nodded at her, no  
nor so much as when I was asleepe, neuer askt her the que-  
stion so much as whats her name: if you bring any man,  
woman, or child, that can say so much behinde my backe, As  
for he did but kisse her, for I did but kisse her & so let her goe:  
let my Lord *Collatine* instead of plucking my coate, plucke  
my skin ouer my eares and turne me away naked, that where-  
focuer I shall come I may be held a raw seruingman hereafter.

*Luc.* Sirrah, you know our mind.

*Clo.* If euer I knew what belongs to these cases or yet know  
what they meane, if euer I vs'd any plaine dealing, or were e-  
uer worth such a Jewell, would I might die like a begger: if e-  
uer I weare so far red in my Grammer, as to know what an In-  
teriection is, or a coniunction Copulatiue, would I might  
neuer haue good of my *qui que quod*: why, do you thinke Ma-  
dam I haue no more care of my selfe being but a stripling,  
then to goe to it at these yeares? flesh and blood cannot en-  
dure

# The Rape of Lucrece.

endure it, I shall euen spoile one of the best faces in Rome with crying at your vnkindnesse.

*Luc.* I ha done, see if you can spie your Lord returning from the Court, and giue me notice what strangers he brings home with him. *Enter Collatine, Valerius, Horatius, Sceuola.*

*Clow.* Yes ile go, but see kind man he saues me a labour.

*Hor.* Come *Valerius* in our way to the house of *Collatine*, that seeing you went late humminging of concerning the *Tauernes* in Rome.

*Val.* Only this *Horatius*.

## The seuenth song.

The gentry to the Kings head,

The Noblest to the Crowne.

The Knights vnto the goulden Floece,

And to the plough the Clowne.

The Church-man to the Miter.

The Shep-heard to the Starre.

The Gardiner, hies him to Rose,

To the Drum the man of warre;

To the Feathers Ladies you; the Globe

The Sea-man doth not scorne

The Usurer to the Denull, and

The Townesman to the Horne.

The Huntsman to the white Hart,

To the Ship the Marchant goes,

But you that doe the *Muses* loue

The Swanne, childe *Riuier* Poet.

The Banquerout to the worlds end,

The Foole to the Fortune hie.

Vnto the Month, the Oyster wife,

The Fidler to the Piv,

The Punch vnto the Cockatrice.

The Drunkard to the Vine,

The Beggar to the Bush, then meets

And with Duke *Humphrey* Dine.

*Col.* Faire *Lucrece*, I ha brought these Lords from Court  
so feast with thee, sirrah prepare vs dinner.

# The Rape of Lucrece.

*Luc.* My Lord is welcome, so are all his friends, the newes at Court Lords.

*Hor.* Madam strange newes: Prince *Sextus* by the enemies Was nobly vnde, and made their Generall, the Court and  
Twice hath he met his father in the field, wish him  
And foild him by the Warlike *Gabines* aid: *Yessir*  
But how hath he rewarded that braue Nation, *Yessir*  
That in his great disgrace supported him? *Yessir*  
He tell you Madam, he since the last battell, *Yessir*  
Sent to his Father a close messenger.

To be receiu'd to grace, withall demanding  
What he should doe with those his enemies?  
Great *Tarquin* from his Sonne receiues this newes,  
Being walking in his Garden: when the messenger  
Importunde him for answere, the proud King  
Lops with his wand the heads of Poppies off,  
And sayes no more, with this vncertaine answere  
The messenger to *Sextus* backe returns,  
Who questions of his Fathers words, lookes, gesture?  
He tels him that the haughtie speechles King  
Straight apprehends, cutt off the great mens heads,  
And hauing left the *Gabines* without gouerne,  
Flies to his Father, and this day is welcom'd  
For this his traiterous seruice, by the King,  
With all due solempne honours to the Court.

*Sceno.* Curtesie strangely required, this none but the son  
of *Tarquin* would haue enterprisde.

*Vale.* I like it, I applaud it, this will come to somewhat in  
the end, when heauen has cast vp his account, some of them  
will be calde to a hard reckoning.

*Col.* Leauē all to heauen.

*Enter Clowne.*

*Clow.* My Lords, the best plumporedge in all *Rome* cooles  
for your honours, dinner is piping hot vpon the table: and if  
you make not the more haste, you are like to haue but cold  
cheare: the Cooke hath done his part, and there's not a dish  
on the dresser but he has made it smoke for you, if you haue  
good stomackes, and come not in while the meat is hot,  
you'le

# The Rape of Lucrece.

you'l'e make hunger and cold meete together.

Col. My man's a Rhetorician I can tell you,  
And his conceit is fluent: Enter Lords,  
You must *Lucrece* guests, and she is scant  
In nothing, for such Princes must not want. *Exeunt.*

*Manet Valerius and Clowne.*

Clow. My Lord *Valerius*, I haue euen a suit to your honour,  
I ha not the power to part from you, without rellish, a note,  
a tone, we must get an Aire betwixt vs.

Vale. Thy meaning.

Clo. Nothing but this, *John* for the King has beene in many  
ballads, *John* for the King downe dino, *John* for King, has eaten  
many sallads, *John* for the King sings hey ho.

Vale. Thou wouldst haue a song, wouldst thou not?

Clow. And be euerlastingly bound to your honour, I am  
now forsaking the world and the Deuill, and somewhat lea-  
ning towards the flesh, if you could but teach mee how to  
chooise a wench fit for my stature and complexion, I should  
rell yours in all good offices.

Vale. Ile doe that for thee, what's thy name?

Clow. My name fir is *Pompie*.

Vale. Well then attend.

*He sings.*

## The eight song.

*Pompie* I will shew thee, the way to know.

A dainrie dapper wench

First see her all bare, let her skin be bare

And be toucht with no part of the french:

Let her lookes be cleare, and her browes seuer,

Her eye-browes thin and fine:

But if she be a punck, and loue be to drunke,

Then keape her still from the wine.

Let her stature be meane, and her body cleane,

Thou canst not chooise but like her:

Bnt see she ha good clothes, with a faire Roman nose,

For that's the signe of a striker.

Let her legs be small, but not vsd to sprall,

Her tongue nor too lowd nor cocket.

# The Rape of Lucrece.

Let her armers be strong, and her fingers long,  
but not vs'd to diue in a pocket.

Let her body be long, and her backe be strong,  
With a soft lip that entangles,

With an inorie brest, and her haire well drest,  
without gold lace or spangles.

Let her foote be small, cleane leg'd withall,

Her apparell not too gaudy:

And one that hath not bin in any house of sinne,  
nor place that hath bin bandy.

*Clo.* But Gods me, I am trifling heere with you, and dinner cooles a'the table, and I am cald to my attendance, oh my sweet Lord *Valerius*. *Exeunt. Sennat.*

*Enter Tarquin, Porfenna, Tullia, Sextus, Arnus.*

*Tarq.* Next King *Porfenna*, whom we tender deerely,  
Welcome young *Sextus*, thou hast to our yoake,  
Supprest the necke of a proud nation  
The warlike *Gabinus* enemiesto *Rome*.

*Sex.* It was my duty Royall Emperour,  
The duty of a Subiect and a Son.  
We at our mothers intercession likewise, (bosome)  
Are nowaton'd with *Arnus*, who we heere receine into our  
*Tul.* This is done like a kinde brother and a naturall son.

*Arn.* Wee enterchange a royall heart with *Sextus*, and graft vs in your loue.

*Tarq.* Now King *Porfenna*, welcome once more, to *Tarquin* and to *Rome*.

*Per.* We are proud of your alliance, *Rome* is ours,  
And we are *Romes*, this our religious league,  
Shall be caru'd firme in Characters of brasse,  
And line for euer to succeeding times.

*Tar.* It shall *Porfenna*, now this league's established,  
We will proceed in our determin'd wars,  
To bring the neighbour Nations vnder vs,  
Our purpose is to make yong *Sextus* Generall  
Of all our army, who hath prou'd his fortunes

And



# The Rape of Lucrece.

And found them full of fauour : wee le begin  
With strong *Ardea*, ha you giuen in charge (army ?  
To assemble all our Captaines, and take muster of our strong  
*Arn.* That businesse is dispatch't.

*Sex.* Wee ha likewise sent for all our best commanders to  
take charge according to their merit: Lord *Valerius*,  
Lord *Brutus*, *Cocles*, *Mutins*, *Scenola*,  
And *Collatine* to make due preparatiō for such a gallant siege.

*Targ.* This day you shall set forward, *Sextus* go,  
And let vs see your armie march along.

Before this King and vs, that we may view  
The puissance of our host prepard already,  
To lay high-reard *Ardea* waste and lowe.

*Sex.* I shall my liege.

*Tul.* *Arnus* associate him.

*Arn.* Ariuall with my brother in his honours.

*Exeunt Arnus and Sextus.*

*Tar.* *Porfenna* shall behold the strength of *Rome*,  
And body of the Campe, vnder the charge  
Of two braue Princes, to lay hostile siege  
Against the strongest Cittie that withstands  
The all commanding *Tarquin*.

*Porf.* Tis an obiect to please *Porfennas* eye.

*Soft March.*

*Luc.* The host is now vpon their March.  
You from this place may see  
The pride of all the Roman Chiuallry.

*Sextus*, *Arnus*, *Brutus*, *Collatine*, *Valerius*, *Scenola*,  
*Cocles*, with souldiers, drum and colours, march ouer the stage,  
and congee to the King and Queene.

*Porf.* This sight's more pleasing to *Porfennas* eye,  
Then all our rich *Attalia* pompous feasts,  
Or sumptuous reuels: wee are borne a Souldier,  
And in our nonage suckt the milke of warre.  
Should any strange face lower vpon this army,  
Or that the mercilesse gulfe of confusion,  
Should swallow them, we at our proper charge,  
And from our native confines vow supply,

# The Rape of Lucrece.

Of men and armes to make these numbers full.

*Tarq.* You are our Royall brother, and in you,  
*Tarquin* is powerfull and maintaines his awe.

*Tullia.* The like *Porfenna* may command of *Rome*,

*Por.* But we haue (in your fresh varieties)  
Feasted to much, and kept our selfe too long  
From our owne seate, our prosperous returne  
Hath bin expected by our Lords and Peeres.

*Tarq.* The businesse of our warres thus forwarded,  
We ha best leasure for your entertainment,  
Which now shall want no due solemnitie.

*Por.* It hath beene beyond both expectation  
And merit, but in sight of heauen I sweare,  
If euer royall *Tarquin* shall demand  
Vse of our loue, 'tis ready stor'd for you  
Euen in our Kingly breast.

*Tar.* The like we vow to King *Porfenna*, we will yet a little  
Englarge your royall welcome with Rarieties,  
Such as *Rome* yeilds : that done, before we part,  
Of too remote Dominions make one heart.  
Set forward then, our sonnes wage warre abroad,  
To make vs peace at home : we are of our selfe  
Without supportance, we all fate defie,  
Aidlesse and of our selfe we stand thus hie.

*Exennt.*

*Two souldiers meete as in the watch.*

1. Stand, who goes there?

2. A friend.

1. Stirre not, for if thou dost Ile broach thee straight  
vpon the pike. The word?

2. *Sol. Porfenna.*

1. *Sol.* Passe, stay, who walkes the round tonight  
The generall or any of his Captaines?

2. *Sol.* *Horatins* hath the charge, the other Chieftaines,  
Rest in the Generalls tent, there's no commander  
Of any note, but reuell with the Prince:  
And I amongst the rest am charg'd to attend  
Vpon their Route.

1. *Sol.* Passe freely, I this night must stand,

# The Rape of Lucrece.

Twixt them and danger, the time of night.

2. Sol. The clocke last told cleuen.

1. Sol. The powers celestiall that haue tooke Rome in charge, protect it still.

Againe good night, thus must poore Souldiers do,  
Whil'st their commanders are with dainties fed,  
And sleepe one Downe the earth must be our bed.

Exit.

*A banquet prepared.*

Enter Sextus, Aruns, Brutus, Valerius, Horatius, Sceuola, Col.

Sex. Sit round, the enimie is pounded fast  
In their owne folds, the walles made to oppugne,  
Hostile incurfions become a prison,  
To keepe them fast for execution;  
There's no eruption to be feared.

Bru. What shall's doe? come a health to the generals health  
and Valerius that sits the most ciuilly shall begin it, I cannot  
talke til my blood be mingled with this blood of grapes: Fill  
for Valerius thou shouldst drinke well, for thou hast beene in  
the German warres, if thou lou'st me drinke *vp se freeza*.

Sex. Nay, since Brutus has spoke the word, the first health  
shall be impos'd on you Valerius, and if euer you haue beene  
Germaniz'd, let it be after the Dutch fashion.

Vale. The generall may command.

Bru. He may, why else is he cald the commander?

Sex. We will intreate Valerius.

Vale. Since you will needs inforce a high German health,  
looke wel to your heads, for I come vpon you with this Dutch  
Tassaker: if you were of a more noble science then you are,  
it will go nere to breake your heads round.

The ninth, a Dutch song.

O Morke giff men ein man,

Skerry merry vip,

O morke giff men eine man

Skerry merry vap,

O morke giff men eine man,

that tik die ten long o drienan ean,

Skerry merry vip, O skerry merry vap

and skerry merry runke ede bunk,

# The Rape of Lucrece.

Ede hoore was a hai dedle downe

Dedle drunke a :

Skerry merry runke, ede bunk, ede hoore was drunk a.

O daughter yeis ein alto kleene,

Skerry merry vip,

O daughter yeis in alto kleene,

Skerry merry vap,

O daughter yeis in alto kleene,

Ye molten slop, ein yert a leene

Skerry merry vip, & skerry merry vap

And skerry merry runk ede bunk

Ede hoore was a hej dedle downe

Dedle drunke a :

Skerry merry, runke ede bunk ede hoore was drunke a.

*Sext.* Grammercies *Valerius*, came this hic-German health  
as double as his double ruffe, i'de pledge it.

*Brut.* Were it *Lubecks* or double double beere, their owne  
natural liquor i'de pledge it, were it as deep as his ruffe: let the  
health goe round about the board, as his band goes round a-  
bout his necke. I am no more afraid of this dutch fauchion,  
then I should be of the heathenish inuention.

*Col.* I must intreat you spare me, for my braine brookes not  
the fumes of wine, their vaporious strength offends me much.

*Hor.* I would haue none spare me, for Ile spare none, *Colla-  
tine* will pledge no health vnlesse it be to his *Lucrece*.

*Sext.* What's *Lucrece* but a woman, and what are women  
But tortures and disturbance vnto men?

If they be fowle, th'are odious, and if faire,

Th'are like rich vessels full of poisonous drugs,

Or like black serpents arm'd with golden scales:

For my owne part they shall not trouble me.

*Brutus.* *Sextus* sit fast for I proclaime my selfe a womans  
champion, and shall vnhorse thee else.

*Val.* For my owne part I'me a married man, and Ile speake  
to my wife to thanke thee *Brutus*.

*Arn.* I haue a wife too, and I thinke the most vertuous  
Lady in the world.

## The Rape of Lucrece.

*See.* I cannot say but that I haue a good wife too, and I loue her: but if she were in heauen, bestrew mee if I would wish her so much hurt as to desire her companie vpon earth againe, yet vpon my honour, though she bee not very faire, she is exceeding honest.

*Brut.* Nay the lesse beauty, the lesse temptation to dispoile her honesty.

*See.* I should bee angry with him that should make question of her honour:

*Brut.* And I angry with thee if thou shouldst not maintaine her honour.

*Arn.* If you compare the vertues of your wiues, let mee step in for mine.

*Colla.* I should wrong my *Lucrece* not to stand for her.

*Sex.* Ha, ha, all captaines, & stand vpon the honesty of your Wiues; ist possible thinke you that women of yong spirit and Full age, of fluent wit, that can both sing and dance, Reade, write, such as feede well, and taste choice eates, That straight dissolue to puritie of blood, That keepe the veines full, and enflame the appetite. Making the spirit able, strang, and prone, Can such as these their husbands being away Emploid in forrein sieges, or else where, Deny such as importune them at home? Tell me that flaxe will not be toucht with fire, Nor they be won to what they most desire?

*Brut.* Shall I end this controuerisie in a word?

*Sex.* Doe good *Brutus*.

*Brut.* I hold some holy, but some apt to sinne,  
Some tractable, but some that none can winne,  
Such as are vertuous, Gold nor wealth can moue,  
Some vicious of themselues are prone to loue.  
Some grapes are sweet and in the Garden grow.  
Others vnprun'd, turne wilde neglected so.  
The purest oare containes both Gold and drosse,  
The one all gaine, the other nought but losse.  
The one disgrace, reproch and scandall raints,  
The other angels and sweet featur'd Saints.

# The Rape of Lucrece

*Col.* Such is my vertues, *Lucrece*.

*Arn.* Ye: her for vertue not comparable to the wife of *Ar.*

*Sce.* And why may not mine bee rankt with the most  
vertuous.

*Hor.* I would put in for a lot, but 1000. to one I shall draw  
but a blanke.

*Vale.* I should not shew I lou'd my wife, not to take her  
part in her absence: I hold her inferiour to none.

*Arn.* Saue mine.

*Vale.* No not to her.

*Brn.* Oh this were a braue controuerſie for a Iury of wo-  
men to arbitrate.

*Col.* Ile hazard all my fortunes on the vertues,  
Of diuine *Lucrece*, shall we try them thus?  
It is now dead of night, lets mount our steeds,  
Within this two houres we may reach to *Rome*,  
And to our houses all come vnprepar'd,  
And vnexpected by our hie praisd wines.  
She of them all that wee find best imploid,  
Deuoted, and most huswife exercised,  
Let her be held most vertuous, and her husband:  
Winne by the wager a rich horse and armour.

*Arn.* A hand on that.

*Vale.* Heares a helping hand to that Bargaine.

*Hor.* But shall we to horse without circumstance?

*Sce.* *Scenola* will be mounted with the first.

*Sex.* Then mount Cheuall *Brutus* this night take you the  
charge of the Army, Ile see the triall of this wager, 'twould  
do me good to see some of them find their wines in the armes  
of their Louers, they are so confident in their vertues: *Brutus*  
weele, enterchange, good night, bee thou but as prouident  
ore the Army as we (if our horses faile not) expeditious in  
our iourney: to horse, to horse.

*All.* Farewell Lord *Brutus*.

*Exeunt*

*Enter Lucrece and her two maids.*

*Luc.* But one houre more and you shall all to rest,  
Now that your Lord is absent from this house,  
And that the Masters eye is from his charge,

*Wee*

## The Rape of Lucrece.

Wee must be carefull and with prouidence  
Guide his domesticke busines, we ha now  
Giuen ore all feasting and left reuelling,  
Which ill becomes the house whose Lord is absent,  
We banish all excesse till his returne,  
In feare of whom my soule doth daily morne.

1. Madam, so please you, to repose your selfe  
Within your chamber, leaue vs to our taskes,  
We will not loiter, though you take your rest.

Luc. Not so, you shall not ouer-watch your selues  
Longer then I wake with you, for it fits  
Good huswiues when their husbands are from home,  
To eye their seruants labours, and in care,  
And the true manage of his household state,  
Earliest to rise, and to be vp most late.  
Since all his busines he commits to me,  
He be his faithfull steward till the Campe  
Dissolue, and he returne, thus wiues should doe,  
In absence of their Lords be husbands too.

2. Madam, the L. *Turnus* his man was thrice for you here  
to haue entreated you home to supper, he sayes his L. takes  
it vnkindly he could not haue your company.

Luc. To please a louing husband, He offend  
The loue and patience of my dearest friend,  
Me thinkes his purpose was vnreasonable  
To draw me in my husbands absence forth  
To feast and banquet, 'twould haue ill become me,  
To ha left the charge of such a spacious house without both  
Lady and Mistresse,

I am opinion'd thus: Wiues should not stray (excuse me.  
Out of their doores their husbands being away: L. *Turnus*

1. Maid. Pray, Madam, set me right into my worke.

Luc. Being abroad I may forget the charge  
Imposd me by my Lord, or be compeld  
To stay out late, which were my husband here,  
Might be, without distaste, but he from hence,  
With late abroad, there can no excuse dispence.  
Here, take your worke againe, a while proceed,

# The Rape of Lucrece

And then to bed, for, whilst you sow Ile reade,  
*Enter Sextus, Aruns, Valerius, Collatine, Horatius, Scenola.*

*Arn.* I would haue hazarded all my hopes, my wife had  
not beene so late a reuelling,

*Uale.* Nor mine at this time of night a gamboling.

*Hor.* They weare so much Corke vnder their heeles they  
cannot choose but loue to caper.

*Sec.* Nothing does me good, but that if my wife were watch-  
ing, all theirs were wantoning, and if I ha lost, none can brag  
of their winnings.

*Sex.* Now *Collatine* to yours, either *Lucrece* must be bet-  
ter imployd then the rest, or you content to haue her vertues  
rarkt with the rest.

*Col.* I am pleas'd.

*Hor.* Soft, soft let's steale vpon her as vpon the rest, least  
hauing some watch-ward at our arriual, we may giue her no-  
tice to be better prepar'd: nay by your leaue *Collatine*, weele-  
limit you noe aduantage.

*Co.* See Lords, thus *Lucrece* reuels with her maids,  
In stead of ryot, quassing, and the practise of the lauoitoes to  
the rauishing, sound of chambring musique, she like a good  
huswife is teaching of her seruants iundrie chares, *Lucrece*.

*Luc.* My Lord and husband welcome, 10. times welcome.  
Is it to see your *Lucrece* you thus late

Ha with your persons hazard lest the Camp,  
And trusted to the danger of a night so dark, & full of horror?

*Arn.* Lords all's lost.

*Hor.* By Ioue ile buy my wife a wheele, & make her spinne  
for this tricke.

*Sec.* If I make not mine learne to liue by the pricke of her  
dle for this, I'me noe Roman.

*Col.* Sweete wife salute these Lords, thy continence  
Hath won thy husband a Barbary horse & a rich coat of armes.

*Luc.* O pardon me, the ioy to see my Lord,  
Took e from me all respect of their degrees,  
The richest entertainment liues with vs,  
According to the houre and the prouision  
Of a poore wife in the absence of her husband,



# The Rape of Lucrece

We prostrate to you, howsoever mean,  
We thus excuse, Lord *Collatine* away.  
We neither feast, dance, quaffe, riot, nor play.

*Sex.* If one woman among so many bad, may bee found good,  
If a white wench may proue a black swan, it is *Lucrece*  
her beautie hath relation to her vertue, and her vertue correspond-  
pendent to her beauty, and in both she is matchlesse.

*Colla.* Lords will you yeild the wager?

*Arn.* Stay, the wager was as well which of our Wiues  
was fairest too, it stretcht as well to their beautie as to their  
continence, who shall iudge that?

*Hor.* That can none of vs, because we are all parties, let  
Prince *Sextus* determine it who hath bin with vs, and bin an  
eye witnesse of their beauties.

*Vale.* Agreed.

*See.* I am pleas'd with the censure of Prince *Sextus*.

*Arn.* So are we all.

*Col.* I commit my *Lucrece* holy to the dispose of *Sextus*.

*Sex.* And *Sextus* commits him holy to the dispose of *Lucrece*.  
I loue the Lady and her grace desire,  
Nor can my loue wrong what my thoughts admire.

*Arnus*, no question but your wife is chaste,  
And chirsty, but this Lady knowes no wast.

*Valerius*, yours is modest something faire,  
Her garce and beautie are without compare,  
Thine *Mutius* well dispos'd and of good feature,

But the world yeilds not so diuine a creature,

*Horatius*, thine a smug lasse and grac't well,

But amongst all faire *Lucrece* doth excell.

Then our impartiall heart and iudging eyes,

This verdict giues, faire *Lucrece* wins the prize.

*Col.* Then Lords you are indebted to me a horse & armor.

*Omnes.* We yeild it.

*Luc.* Will you taste such welcome Lords, as a poore vn-  
prouided house can yeild?

*Sex.* Gra'mercie *Lucrece*, no, we must this night sleepe by  
*Ardea* walles,

*Lu.* I but my Lords I hope my *Collatine* will not so leaue his

# The Rape of Lucrece.

*Sex.* He must, we haue but Idled fro the Camp, to try a merry wager about their wiues, & this the hazard of the kings displeasure, should any man be missing from his charge the powers that gouerne Rome make diuine *Lu.* for euer happy, good

*Luc.* Will not my husband repose this night with mee (night,

*Hor.* *Lucrece* shall pardon him, we haue tooke our leaues of our wiues, nor shall *Collatine* be before vs though our Ladies in other things come behind you.

*Col.* I must be swaid: the ioyes and the delights of many thousand nights meete all in one to make my *Lucrece* happy.

*Luc.* I am bound to your strict will, to each good-night.

*Sex.* To horse, to horse, *Lucrece* we cannot rest,  
Till our hot lust inbosome in thy breast. *Exeunt manet Lu.*

*Luc.* With no vnkindnesse we should our Lords vpbraid,  
Husbands and Kings must alwayes be obaid.

Nothing faue the high busines of the state,

And the charge giuen him at *Ardeas* siege,

Could ha made *Collatine* so much digresse,

From the affection that he beares his wife.

But subiects must excuse when Kings claime power.

But leauing this before the charme of sleepe,

Cease with his downy wings vpon my eyes,

I must goe take account among my seruants

Of their dayes taske, we must not cherish sloth,

No couetous thought makes me thus prouident,

But to shunne, Idlenesse which wise men say,

Begets ranke lust, and vertue beates away. *Exit.*

*Enter Sextus, Aruns, Horatius, Brutus, Scenola, Valerius.*

*Hor.* Returne to Rome now we are in the midway to the Camp

*Sex.* My Lords, 'tis businesse that concernes my life,

To morrow if we liue weele visite thee.

*Vale.* Will *Sextus* enioyne me to accompany him?

*Sec.* Or mee?

*Sex.* Nor you, nor any, 'tis important businesse

And serious occurrences that call mee,

Perhaps Lords Ile commend you to your wiues.

*Collatine* shall I doe you any seruice to your *Lucrece*?

*Col.* Only commend me.

# The Rape of Lucrece

*Sex.* What, no private token to purchase our kind welcom?

*Col.* Would Royall *Sexus* would but honour me to beare her a slight token.

*Sex.* What?

*Col.* This Ring.

*Sex.* As I am Royall I will see't deliuered.

This Ring to *Lucrece* shall my loue conuay,

And in this gift thou dost thy bed betray.

To morrow we shall meete, this night sweet fate,

May I proue welcome though a guest ingrate.

*Exit.*

*Arn.* Hees for the Citie, we for the Camp, the night makes the way tedious and melancholly, prethee a merry song to beguile it.

The tenth song.

*He sings.*

*Vale.* There was a young man and a maid fell in loue,

Terry dery ding, terry tery ding, tery tery dino.

To get her good will he often did,

Terry dery ding, terry dery ding, langtido dille.

Theres many will say, and most will allow, tery dery, &c.

Theres nothing so good as a terry dery dery dery, &c.

I would wish all maids before they be sicke, terry dery, &c.

To enquire for a young man that has a good terry dery, &c.

*See.* Nay, my Lord, I heard them all haue a conceite of an Englishman, a strange people, in the westerne Islands, one that for his variety in habit, humour and gesture, put downe all other nations whatsoeuer, a little of that if you loue me.

*Vale.* Well *Scenoka*, you shall.

The eleuenth song.

The Spaniard loues his ancient slop,

The Lumbard, his Venetian,

And some, like breech-lesse women goe:

The Ruffe, Turke, Iew, and Grecian,

The threyfly Frenchman, weares small wast,

The Dutch his belly boasteth:

The Englishman is for them all;

And for each fashion coasteth.

## *The Rape of Lucrece.*

*The Turke in Linnen wraps his head,*

*The Persian his in Linnen too.*

*The Russe with sables furses his Cap,*

*And change, will not be drawne too.*

*The Spaniards constant to his blocke;*

*The French, inconstant euer,*

*But of all Fealts that can be felt,*

*Giue me your English Beaver.*

*The German loues his Conny-woolls*

*The Irishman his Shagge-too,*

*The Welsh his Munmouth loues to weare;*

*And of the same will bragge too.*

*Some loue the rough, and some the smooth,*

*Some great, and others small things,*

*But Oh, your lecherish Englishman:*

*Hee loues to deale in all things.*

*The Russe drinckes quaffes, Dutch Inbecks Beere,*

*And that is strong, and mighty.*

*The Brittain, he Metheglen quaffes,*

*The Irish, Aquanite,*

*The French affects the Orleane Grape.*

*The Spaniard tastes his Sherry,*

*The English none of these can scape:*

*But hee with all makes merry.*

*The Italian in her high Chapeene,*

*Scotch Lasse, and lonely Froa-too.*

*The Spanish Bonna, French Madam:*

*He will not feare to goe too;*

*Nothing so full of Hazard dread.*

*Nought lines aboue the Center,*

*No Fashion, Health, no Wine, nor Wench,*

*On which hee dare not venter.*

*Hor. Good Valerius, this has brought vs euen to the skie  
of the campe, enter Lords, Exit. Enter Sextus and Lucrece.*

# The Rape of Lucrece.

*Luc.* This Ring my Lord hath ope the gates to you,  
For though I know you for a Royall Prince  
My soueraignes Sonne, and friend to *Collatine*  
Without that key you had not entred heere.  
More lights and see a banquet straight prouided,  
My loue to my deere husband shall appeare  
In the kind welcome that I giue his friend.

*Sex.* Not loue-sicke, but loue lunaticke, loue mad :  
I am all fire, impatience, and my blood  
Boyles on my heart, with loose and censuall thoughts.

*Luc.* A chaire for the Prince, may't please your highnes sit?

*Sex.* Madam, with you. (trencher.

*Luc.* It will become the wife of *Collatine* to wait vpon your

*Sex.* You shall sit : behind vs at the camp we left our state  
We are but your guest, indeede you shall not waite,  
Her modestie hath such strong power ore me,  
And such a reuerence hath fate giuen her brow,  
That it appeares a kind of blasphemy,  
To haue any wanton word harsh in her cares.  
I cannot woe, and yet I loue boue measure,  
Tis force, not suite, must purchase this rich treasure.

*Luc.* Your highnesse cannot taste such homely cates.

*Sex.* Indeed I cannot feede but on thy face,  
Thou art the banquet that my thoughts imbrace :

*Luc.* Knew you my Lord, what free and zealous welcome  
We tender you, your highnesse would presume  
Vpon your entertainment : oft, and many times  
I haue heard my husband speake of *Sextus* valour,  
Extoll your worth, prayse your perfection, (*Lucrece.*  
I, dote vpon your valor, and your friendship prise next his

*Sex.* Oh impious lust, in al things base, respectles & vniust  
Thy vertue, grace, and fame, I must enioy,  
Though in the purchase I all *Rome* destroy.  
Madam, if I be welcome as your vertue bids me presume I am,  
Carouse to me a health vnto your husband.

*Luc.* A womans draught my Lord to *Collatine*

*Sext.* Nay you must drinke off all. (womans braine.

*Luc.* Your grace must pardon the tender weaknesse of a

# The Rape of Lucrece.

*Sex.* It is to *Collatine*.

*Luc.* Me thinks 'twould ill become the modestie  
Of any Roman Lady to carouse,  
And drowne her vertues in the iuice of grapes.  
How can I shew my loue vnto my husband  
To doe his wife such wrong? by too much wine  
I might neglect the charge of this great house,  
Left sely to my keepe, else my example  
Might in my seruants breed encouragement  
Soe to offend both which were pardonlesse,  
Else to your Grace I might neglect my dutie,  
And slacke obedience to so greate a guest:  
All which being accidentall vnto wine,  
Oh let me not so wrong my *Collatine*.

*Sex.* We excuse you, her perfections like a torrent  
With violence breaks vpon me and at once  
Inuert and swallow all that's good in me.  
Preposterous Fates, what mischiefes you inuolue  
Vpon a Caitiffe Prince, left to the fury  
Of all grand mischiefe? hath the grandame world  
Yet smothered such a strange abortiue wonder,  
That from her vertues should arise my sinne?  
I am worst then what's most ill, depriu'd all reason,  
My heart all fierie lust, my soule all treason.

*Luc.* My Lord, I feare your health, your changing brow  
Hath shewne so much disturbance, noble *Sextus*,  
Hath not your ventrous trauell from the Campe,  
Nor the moyst rawnes of this humorous night impaired

*Sex.* Diuine *Lucrece* noe, I cannot eate. (your health?)

*Luc.* To rest then, a rank of torches there, attend the Pr

*Sex.* Madam I doubt I am a guest this night  
Too troublesome, and I offend your rest.

*Lu.* This Ring speaks for me, that next *Collatine* you are to  
me most welcome, yet my Lord thus much presume, without  
this from his hand, *Sext.* this night could not haue entred here  
no, not the king himselfe: my doores the day time to my friends  
But in the night the, obdure gates are lesse kind. (are free,  
Without this ring they can no entrance find, Lights for the P.

*Sex.*

# The Rape of Lucrece.

*Sex.* A kisse and so godnight, nay for your rings sake deny

*Lu. Ioue* giue your highnes soft and sweete repose (not that

*Sex.* And thee the like repose, with soft content,

My vowes are fixt, my thoughts on mischief bent. *Exit with*

*Luc.* Tis late so many starres shine in this roome, *torches.*

By reason of this great and Princely guest,

The world might call our modestie in question,

To reuell thus, our husband at the Campe,

Hast and to rest; saue in the Princes chamber,

Let not a light appeare, my hearts all sadnesse,

*Ioue* vnto thy protection I commit

My chasticie and honour to thy keepe,

My waking soule I giue whilst my thoughts sleepe. *Exit.*

*Enter Clowne and a seruingman.*

*Clow.* Soft, soft not too loud, imagine we were now going  
on the ropes with egges on our heeles, he that hath but a creak-

ing shooc I would he had a creeke in his neck, tread not too

hard for disturbing *P. Sextus. Ser.* I wonder the *P.* would

ha none of vs stay in his Chamber and helpe him to bed. *Clow.*

What an asseart thou to wonder, there may be many causes:

thou know'st the *P.* is a Souldier, and Souldiers many time

want shift; who can say whether he haue a cleaine shirt on or no:

any thing that we know he hath vsd stauesaker, or hath tane

a medecine to kill the itch what's that to vs, we did our duty

to proffer ourselues.

*Ser.* And what should we enter farther into his thoughts?

come shals to bed? Inne as drow sic as a dormouse, and my

head is as heauy as though I had a night-cap of lead on.

*Clow.* And my eyes begin to glew themselues together, I

was till supper was done all together for your repast, and now

after supper I am onely for your repose: I thinke for the two

vertues of earing and sleeping, there's neuer a Roman spirit

vnder the Cope of heauen can put me downe,

*Enter Mirable.*

*Mir.* For shame what a coniuring, and catter-walling

keepe you here, that my Lady cannot sleepe: you shall haue

her call by and by, and send you all to bed with a witnesse.

*Clow.* Sweete Mistris *Mirable* we are going.

# The Rape of Lucrece.

*Mr.* You are too loud, come, euery man dispose him to  
his rest, and ile to mine.

*Ser.* Out with your Torches sir.

*Clew.* Come then, and euery man sneake into his kennell.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Sextus with his Sword drawne and a Taper  
light.*

*Sex.* Night be as secret as thou art close, as close  
As thou art blacke and darke, thou ominous Queene  
Of *Tenebrouse* silence, make this farall houre  
As true Rape, as thou hast made it kind  
To murder, and harsh mischiefe: *Cynthia* maske thy checke,  
And all your sparkling elementall fires,  
Choake vp your beauties in prodigious fogs,  
Or be extinct in some thicke vaporious clouds,  
Least you behold my practise: I am bound  
Vpon a blacke aduenture, on a deede  
That must wound vertue, and make beautie bleed.  
Pause *Sextus*, and before thou runst thy selfe  
Into this violent danger, weigh thy sinne,  
Thou art yet free, belou'd, grac'd in the Campe,  
Of great opinion and vndoubted hope,  
*Romes* darling in the vniuersall grace,  
Both of the field, and senate: were these fortunes  
To make thee great in both, backe yet, thy fame  
Is free from hazard, and thy stile from shame,  
Oh fate! thou hast vsurpt such power o're man,  
That where thou pleadst thy will no mortall can.  
On then, blacke mischiefe hurrey me the way,  
My selfe I must destroy, her life betray,  
The state of King and Subiect, the displeasure  
Of Prince and people, the reuenge of noble,  
And the contempt of base the incurd vengeance  
Of my wrongd kinsman *Collatine*, the Treason  
Against diuin'd *Lucrece*: all these totall curses  
Foreseene not feard, vpon one *Sextus* meete,  
To make my dayes harsh: so this night be sweete,  
No iarre of Clocke, no ominous hatefull howle



## The Rape of Lucrece.

Of any starting Hound, no horse-coughe breath'd from the  
Of any drowlie Groome, wakes this charm'd silence (entrals  
And starts this generall slumber, forward still, *Lu. discovered!*  
To make thy lust liue, all thy vertues kill. (*in her bed.*

Heere, heere, behold! beneath these curtaine lies  
That bright enchantresse that hath daz'd my eyes,  
Oh who but *Sextus* could commit such waste?  
On one so faire, so kind, so truely chaste?  
Or like a rauisher thus rudely stand;  
To offend this face, this brow, this lip, this hand?  
Or at such fatall houres these reuels keepe,  
With thought once to defile thy innocent sleepe,  
Saue in this brest, such thoughts could finde no place,  
Or pay with treason her kinde hospitall grace;  
But I am lust-burnt all bent on what's bad,  
That which should calme good thought makes *Tarquin* mad.  
Madam, *Lucrece*?

*Luc.* Whose that? oh me! beshrew you.

*Sex.* Sweete, tis I.

*Luc.* What I?

*Sex.* Make roome.

*Luc.* My husband *Collatine*?

*Sex.* Thy husband's at the Campe.

*Luc.* Heere is no place for any man saue him.

*Sex.* Grant me that grace.

*Luc.* What are you?

*Sex.* *Tarquin* and thy friend, and must enioy thee,

*Luc.* Heauen such sinnes defend.

*Sex.* Why doe you tremble Lady? cease this feare,

I am alone, there's no suspicious eare

That can betray this deede: nay start not sweete.

*Luc.* Dreame I, or am I full awake? oh no!

I know I dreame to see Prince *Sextus* so.

Sweete Lord awake me, rid me from this terror,

I know you for a Prince, a Gentleman,

Royall and honest, one that loues my Lord.

And would not wracke a womans chastitie.

For *Romes* imperiall Diadem, oh then

Pardon this dreame, for being awake I know

# The Rape of Lucrece.

Prince Sextus Romes great hope, would not for shame  
Hauocke his owne worth, or dispoile my fame.

Sex. I'me bent on both, my thoughts are all on fire,  
Chooſe thee, thou muſt imbrace death, or deſire,  
Yet doe I loue thee, wilt thou accept it ?

Luc. No.

Sex. If not thy loue, thou muſt enioy thy foe.  
Where faire meanes cannot, force ſhall make my way:  
By Ione I muſt enioy thee.

Luc. Sweet Lord ſtay.

Sex. I'me all impatience, violence and rage.  
And ſaue thy bed nought can this fire aſſwage: wilt loue me ?

Luc. No, I cannot.

Sex. Tell me why ?

Luc. Hate me, and in that hate firſt let me die.

Sex. By Ione ile force thee. (forbear)

Luc. By a God you ſweare to do a deuils deed, ſweet Lord  
By the ſame Ione I ſweare that made this ſoule,  
Neuer to yeild vnto an act ſo fowle. Helpe, helpe.

Sex. Theſe pillowes firſt ſhall ſtop thy breath,  
If thou but ſhrickeſt, harke how ile frame thy death.

Luc. For death: I care not, ſo I keepe vnſtaind  
The vncraz'd honour I haue yet maintaind.

Sex. Thou canſt keepe neither, for if thou but ſqueakeſt  
Or leſt the leaſt harſh noiſe iarre in my eare,  
Ile broach thee on my ſteele, that done ſtraight murder  
One of thy beſeſt Groomes, and lay you both  
Graſpt arme in arme, on thy adulterate bed,  
Then call in witneſſe of that mechall ſinne,  
So ſhalt thou die: thy death be ſcandalous,  
Thy name be odious, thy ſuſpected body  
Denide all funerall rites, and louing Collatine  
Shall hate thee euen in death: then ſaue all this,  
And to thy fortunes adde another friend,  
Giue thy feares comfort, and theſe torments end.

Luc. Ile die firſt, and yet heare me, as y<sup>e</sup> are noble,  
If all your goodneſſe and beſt generous thoughts  
Be not exilde your heart, pittie, oh pittie  
The Vertues of a woman: marre not that

Cannot

## The Rape of Lucrece.

Cannot be made againe : this once defilde ,  
Not all the Ocean waues can purifie  
Or wash my staine away : you seeke to soyle ,  
That which the radiant splendor of the Sunne  
Cannot make bright againe : behold my teares ,  
Oh thinke them pearled drops , distilled from the heart  
Of Soule-chast *Lucrece* : thinke them Orators , (man.  
To pleade the cause of absent *Collatine*, your friend and kins-  
*Sex*. Tush, I am obdure.

*Luc*. Then make my name foule, keepe my body pure ,  
Oh Prince of Prince doe but weigh your sinne ,  
Thinke how much I shall loose, how small you winne.  
I loose the honour of my name and blood ,  
Losse, *Romes* imperiall Crowne cannot make good.  
You win the worlds shame, and all good mens hate ,  
Oh who would pleasure, buy at such deere rate ?  
Nor can you terme it pleasure, for what is sweet,  
Where force and hate iarre and contention meeete ?  
Weigh but for what tis that you vrge me still ,  
To gaine a womans loue against her will ?  
Youle but repent such wrong done a chaste wife ;  
And thinke that labour's not worth all your strife.  
Curse your hot lust, and say you haue wrong'd your friends  
But all the world can not make me amends.  
I tooke you for a friend , wrong not my trust,  
But let these chaste tearmes quench your fierie lust.

*Sex*. No , those moist teares contending with my fire,  
Quench not my heat, but make it clime more higher :  
He drag thee hence.

*Luc*. Oh !

*Sex*. If thou raise these cries, lodg'd in thy slaughtered  
armes some base Groome dyes.  
And Rome that hath admired thy name so long,  
Shall blot thy death with scandall from my tongue.

*Luc*. Ioue garde my innocence.

*Sex*. *Lucrece*, th'art mine :  
In spight of Ioue & all the powers diuine. He beares her out.

Enter a Seruingman.

*Sex*.

## The Rape of Lucrece.

*Ser.* What's a Clocke tro? my Lord bad mee bee early readie with my Gelding, for hee would ride betimes in the morning: now had I rather bee vp an houre before my time then a minute after, for my Lord will bee so infinite angry if I but ouer-sleepe my selfe a moment, that I had better be out of my life then in his displeasure: but soft, some of my Lord *Collatines* men lie in the next chamber, I care not if I cal them vp, for it growest towards day: what *Pompey*, *Pompey*?

*Clo.* Who is that calls?

*Ser.* Tis I.

*Clo.* Whose that, my Lord *Sextus* his man, what a pox make your vp before day?

*Ser.* I would haue the key of the Gate to come at my Lords Horse in the stable.

*Clo.* I would my Lord *Sextus* & you were both in the hay-loft for *Pompey* can take none of his naturall rest among you, heeres ene Otter rise & giue my horse another pecke of hay.

*Ser.* Nay good *Pompey* helpe me to the key of the Stable.

*Clo.* Well, *Pompey* was borne to do *Rome* good in being so kind to the young Princes Gelding, but if for my kindnesse in giuing him Pease and Oates hee should kicke me, I should scarfe say God a mercy horse: but come, ile goe with thee to the stable.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Sextus and Lucrece vnready.*

*Sex.* Nay, weepe not sweete, what's done is past recall,  
Call not thy name in question, by this sorrow  
Which is yet without blemish, what hath past  
Is hid from the worlds eye, and onely priuate  
Twixt vs, faire *Lucrece*: pull not on my head,  
The wrath of *Rome* if I haue done thee wrong,  
Loue was the cause, thy fame is without blot.  
And thou in *Sextus* hast a true friend got,  
Nay sweet looke vp, thou onely hast my heart,  
I must be gone *Lucrece* a kisse and part.

*Lu.* Oh!

*She snigs from him and Exit.*

*Sex.* No? peeuish dame farewell, then be the bruter  
Of thy owne shame, which *Tarquin* would conceale,  
I am arm'd gain't all can come, let mischiefe frown,

With

# The Rape of Lucrece.

With all his terror arm'd with ominous fate,  
To all their spleenes a welcome ile afford,  
With this bold heart, strong hand, & my good sword. *Exit.*

*Enter Brutus, Valerius, Horatius, Arrius,*

*Scenola, Collatine.*

*Brn.* What so early *Valerius* and your voyce not vp yet? th ou  
wast wont to be my Larke, and raise me with thy early notes.

*Val.* I was neuer so hard set yet my Lord, but I had euer a  
fit of mirth for my friend.

*Brn.* Prethee lets heare it then while we may, for I diuine  
thy musique and my madnesse are both short liu'd, wee shall  
haue somewhat else to doe ere long, we hope *Valerius*.

*Hor.* Ioue send it.

*Packe cloudes away, and welcome day*

*With night we banish sorrow,*

*Sweete Ayre blow soft, mannt Larke aloft,*

*To giue my loue good morrow:*

*Winges from the winde, to please her mind,*

*Notes from the Larke ile borrow;*

*Bird prune thy wing, Nightingale sing:*

*To giue my lane good morrow.*

*To giue my loue good marrow,*

*Notes from them all I'll borrow,*

*Wake from thy nest, Robin red-brest,*

*Sing Birdes in euery Furrow,*

*And from each bill, let Musicke shrill.*

*Giue my faire loue good morrow:*

*Blacke-bird and Thrush, in euery Bush,*

*Stare, Linnat, and Cocke-sparrow,*

*You pritty clues, amongst your selues,*

*Sing my faire loue good morrow.*

*To giue my loue good morrow,*

*Sing Birdes in euery Furrow.*

*Brn.* Me thinks our warres go not well forwards, *Horatius*  
we haue greater enemies to buggle with then the *Ardeans*, if  
we durst but front them.

# The Rape of Lucrece.

*Hor.* Would it were come to fronting.

*Brn.* Then we married men should haue the aduantage of the batchelers *Horatius*, especially such as haue reueling wiues those that can eaper in the Cittie, while their husbands were in the Camp, *Collatine* why are you so sad? the thought of this should not trouble you, hauing a *Lucrece* to your bedfellow.

*Col.* My Lord I know no cause of discontent, yet cannot I be merry.

*Arn.* I should be frolicke if my brother were but returnd to the Camps. *Hor.* And in good time behold Prince *Sextus*.

*Omnes.* Health to our Generall. *Sex.* Thank you.

*Br.* Will you suruey your forces, & giue order for a present assault, your souldiers long to be tugging with the *Ardeans*.

*Sex.* No.

*Col.* Haue you seene *Lucretia* my Lord, how fares she?

*Sex.* Well, Ile to my Tent.

*Arn.* Why how now whats the matter brother?

*Exeunt the brothers.*

*Brn.* Thank you, No, well, Ile to my Tent, get thee to thy Tent and a coward goe with thee, if thou hast noe more spirit to a speedie encounter.

*Vale.* Shall I goe after him and know the cause of his discontent?

*Sec.* Or I my Lord?

*Brn.* Neither, to pursue a foole in his humor? is the next way to make him more humorous, Ile not be guiltie of his folly, Thank you no, before I wish him health agen when he is sicke of the fullens, may I die, not like a Roman, but, like a runagate.

*Sec.* Perhaps hee's not well.

*Brn.* Well: then let him be ill.

*Vale.* Nay if he be dying as I could wish he were, Ile ring out his funerall peale, and this it is.

*Come list and harke*

*The Bell doth towe,*

*For some but new*

*Departing soule.*

*And was not that*

*Same*

# The Rape of Lucrece.

Some ominous fowle,  
The Batt the Night-  
Crow, or Skreech-Owle.  
To these I heare,  
The wild-Woolfe Howle  
In this black night  
That seemes to Skowle.  
All these my black-  
Booke, shall in-rowle.  
For Harke still still  
The Bell doth towle,  
For some but now  
Departing, soule.

*See.* Excellent *Valerius* but is not that *Collatines* man?

*Enter Clowne.*

*Vale.* The newes with this hasty post.

*Clo.* Did no body see my Lord *Collatine*? oh! my Ladie commends her to you, here's a letter.

*Col.* Giue it me.

*Clo.* Fie vpon't, neuer was poore *Pompey* so ouer-labour'd as I haue beene, I thinke I haue spurd my horse such a question, that he is scarce able to wig or wag his tayle for an answer, but my Lady bad me spare for noe horse flesh, and I thinke I haue made him runne his race.

*Brn.* Cosen *Collatine* the newes at *Rome*?

*Col.* Nothing but what you all may pertake: reade here my Lord,

*Brutus* reades the letter.

Deere Lord, if euer thou wilt see thy *Lucrece*.

Choose of the friends which thou affectest best,

And all important businesse set apart,

Repaire to *Rome*: commend me to Lord *Brutus*,

*Valerius*, *Mutius*, and *Horatius*.

Say I intreat their presence, where my Father

*Lucretius* shall attend them, farwell sweete,

Th'affaires are great, then doe not faile to meete.

*Brn.* Ile thither as I liue,

*Col.* I though I die.

*Exit.*

*Exit.*

# The Rape of Lucrece.

*See.* To Rome with expeditious wings weele flie, *Exit.*

*Hor.* The newes, the newes, if I haue any shape  
Of sadnesse, if some prodegie haue chasit,  
That may beget reuenge, ile cease to chafe,  
Vexe, martyr, grieue, torture, torment my selfe,  
And tune my humor to strange straines of mirth,  
My soule deuines some happinesse, speake, speake:  
I know thou hast some newes that will create me,  
Merric and muscally, for I would laugh, (thee.  
Be new transhapt, I prethee sing *Valerius* that I may ayre with  
*Vale.* First tell vs what's the proiect of thy message?

*Col.* My Lords the Princely *Sextus* has beene at home, but  
what he hath done there I may partly mistrust, but cannot  
altogether resolue you: besides, my Lady swore me, that  
whatsoever I suspected I should say nothing.

*Val.* If thou wilt not say thy mind I prethee sing thy mind,  
and then thou maist saue thine oath.

*Col.* Indeed I was not sworn to that, I may either laugh out  
my newes or sing am, & so I may saue mine oath to my Lady.

*Hor.* How's all at Rome, that with such sad presage,  
Disturbed *Collatine* and noble *Brutus*  
Are hurted from the Campe with *Scenola*?  
And we with expedition amongst the rest,  
Are charg'd to Rome? speake what did *Sextus* there with thy  
faire Mistresse?

*Val.* Second me my Lord, and weele vrge him to disclose it.

*Valerius, Horatius, and the Clowne their Catch.*

*Val.* Did he take faire *Lucrece* by the toe man?

*Clow.* Toe man.

*Clow.* I man.

*Clow.* Haha ha ha ha man.

*Hora.* And further did he strine to go man?

*Clow.* Goe man.

*Hora.* I man. *Clow.* Haha ha ha man, fa derry derry downe a  
ha fa derry dino.

*Val.* Did he take faire *Lucrece* by the heele man?

*Clow.* Heele man. *Val.* I man. *Clow.* Haha ha ha man.

*Hor.*



# The Rape of Lucrece.

Hor. And did he further strue to feele man?  
 Clo. Feele man. Hor. I man. Clo. Ha ha ha man, ha fa dery, &c.  
 Hor. Did he take the Lady by the shin man?  
 Clow. Shin man. Val. I man. Clow. Ha ha ha ha man.  
 Hor. Further too would he haue bin man? Clow. Bin man.  
 Hor. I man. Clow. Ha ha ha ha man. Ha fa dery, &c.  
 Val. Did he take the lady by the kyce man?  
 Clow. Knye man. Val. I man. Clow. Ha ha ha ha man.  
 Hor. Farther then that would he be man.  
 Clow. Be man. Hor. I man. Clow. Ha ha ha ha man bey-  
 fa dery, &c.  
 Val. Did he take the Lady by the thigh man?  
 Clow. Thigh man. Val. I man. Clow. Ha ha ha ha man.  
 Hor. And now he came it some what nye man. Clow. Nie man.  
 Val. I man. Clow. Ha ha ha ha man, Hey fa dery, &c.  
 Val. But did he doe the tother thing man?  
 Clow. Thing man? Val. I man. Clow. Ha ha ha ha man.  
 Hor. And at the same had he a sling man. Clow. Fling man.  
 Hor. I man. Clow. Hay ha ha ha man, hey fa dery, &c.

Exeunt

A Table and a Chaire couered with blacke.  
 Lucrece and her Maide.

Luc. Mirable,

Maid. Madam,

Luc. Is not my father old Lucretius come yet?

Maid. Nor yet.

Luc. Nor any from the Campe?

Maid. Neither Madam.

Luc. Go, begon, and leaue me to the truest grieke of heart,  
 That euer entred any Matrons brest: Oh!

Maid. Why weepe you Lady? alas why do you staine  
 Your modest cheekes with these offensive teares?

Luc. Nothing, nay, nothing: oh you powerfull Gods,  
 That should haue Angels guardents on your throane.

To protect innocence and chastitie! oh why  
 Suffer you such inhumane massacre  
 On harmlesse vertue? wherefore take you charge,  
 On sinlesse soules to see them wounded thus

# The Rape of Lucrece

With Rape or violence? or giue white innocence,  
Armor of proesse gainst sinne: or by oppression  
Kill vertue quicke, and guerdon base transgression?  
Is it my fate aboue all other women?  
Or is it my sinne more hainous then the rest,  
That amongst Thousands, millions, infinites,  
I, onely I, should to this shame be borne,  
To be a staine to women, natures corne? Oh!

*Maid.* What ailes you Madam, truch you make me weep  
To see you shed salt teares: what hath opprest you?  
Why is your chamber hung with mourning blacke?  
Your habit sable and your eyes thus wolne  
With ominous teares, alas what troubles you?

*Luc.* I am not sad, thou didst deceiue thy selfe,  
I did not weepe, theres nothing troubles me,  
But wherefore dost thou blush?

*Maid.* Madam not I.

*Luc.* Indeed thou didst, & in that blush my gilt thou didst  
How camst thou by the notice of my sinne? (betray

*Maid.* What sinne?

*Luc.* My blot, my scandall, and my shame:  
Oh *Tarquin*, thou my honour didst betray,  
Disgrace no time, no age can wipe away, oh!

*Maid.* Sweet Lady cheare your selfe, Ile fetch my Violl,  
And see if I can sing you fast asleepe,  
A little rest would weare away this passion.

*Luc.* Doe what thou wilt, I can command no more  
Being no more a woman, I am now  
Deuote to death and an inhabitant  
Of th'other world: these eyes must euer weepe  
Till fate hath closd them with eternall sleepe:

*Ente Brutus, Collatine, Horatius, Scenola, Valerius one  
way, Lucretius another way.*

*Luc.* Brutus!

*Brn.* Lucretius!

*Luc.* Father!

*Col.* Lucrece!

*Luc.* Collatine!

# The Rape of Lucrece.

*Bru.* How cheare you Madam? how ist with you coulsen?  
Why is your eye doicet and drown'd in sorrow?  
Why is this fudgerall blacke, and ornaments  
Of widow-hood? resolute me coulsen *Lucrece.*

*Hor.* How fare you Lady?

*Old Luc.* What's the matter girl?

*Col.* Why how is't with you *Lucrece*, tell me sweete?  
Why dost thou hide thy face? and with thy hand  
Darken those eyes that were my Sonnes of ioy,  
To make my pleasures flourish in the Spring?

*Luc.* Oh me!

*Val.* Whence are these sighes and teares?

*See.* How growes this passion?

*Bru.* Speake Lady you are hem'd in with your friends,  
Guirt in a pale of safety, and enuiron'd  
And circled in a forteresse of your kindred,  
Let not those drops fall fruiteles to the ground,  
Nor let your sighes add to the sencelesse wind.  
Speake, who hath wrong'd you?

*Luc.* Ere I speake my woe,  
Swear youle reuenge poore *Lucrece* on her foe.

*Bru.* Be his head ardent with gold.

*Hor.* Be his hand armd with an imperiall Scepter.

*Old Luc.* Be he great as *Tarquim*, throuand in an imperiall fear.

*Bru.* Be he no more then mortall, he shall feele  
The vengefull edge of this pistorous Steele.

*Luc.* Then feare you Lords, whilst I expose my wrong,  
Father, deere husband, and my kinsman Lords.  
Heare me, I am dishonour'd and disgrac'd,  
My reputation mangled, my renowne  
disparaged, but my body, oh my body.

*Col.* What *Lucrece*?

*Luc.* Straind, poluted, and defilde.  
Strange steps are found in my adulterate bed,  
And though my thoughts be white as innocence,  
Yet is my body soild with lust-burn'd sinne,  
And by a stranger I am strumpeted, (Matrons  
Rauisht, inforc'd, & am no more to ranke among the Roman

*Bru.*

## The Rape of Lucrece.

*Br.* Yet cheere you Lady, and reſtraine theſe teares,  
If you were forc'd the ſin conceales not you, you (Rauisher)  
A woman's borne but with a womans ſittings, who was the  
*Hor.* I, name him Lady, our loue to you ſhall onely thus  
appeare, in the reuenge that we will take on him.

*Luc.* I hope ſo Lords, 'twas *Sennus* the Kings Sonne.

*Omnes.* How? *Sennus* *Turquinus*?

*Luc.* That vnprincipely Prince, who gueſt-wife entred with  
my husbands Ring,

This Ring, oh *Collatine*! this Ring you ſent  
Is cauſe of all my woe, your diſcontent.  
I feaſted him, then lodg'd him, and beſtowde  
The choiſeſt welcome, but in dead of night  
My traiterous gueſt came arm'd vnto my bed,  
Frighted my ſilent ſleepe, threatned, and praid  
For entertainment: I deſpised both  
Which hearing, his ſharp pointed *Sennus*  
The Tyrant bent againſt my naked breaſt,  
Alas, I beg'd my death, but note his tyranny,  
He brought with him a torment worſe then death,  
For hauing murder'd me, he ſwore to kill  
One of my beſeſt Groomes, and lodge him dead  
In my dead armes: then call in reſtimonie  
Of my adulterie, to make me hated  
Euen in my death, of husband, father, friends,  
Of *Rome* and all the world: thus, this, oh Princes, *Rauisher*  
and kill me ſpeede.

*Col.* Yet comfort Lady, I quſh thy ghaile, for what could  
*Lucrece* doe more then a woman? hadſt thou dide polluted  
By this baſe ſcandall, thou hadſt wrong'd thy fame:  
And hindred vs of a moſt iuſt reuenge.

*All.* What ſhall we doe Lords?

*Br.* Lay your reſolute hands vpon the ſword of *Brutus*,  
Vow & ſwear, as you hope need for meritt from the Gods,  
Or feare reward for ſinne, from deuils below:  
As you are Romans, and ſet on your fame  
More then your liues, all *Humorous* voyel ſet off,  
Of madding, ſinging, ſailing, and what elſe,

# The Rape of Lucrece.

Receiue your natiue valours, be your selues,  
And ioyne with *Brutus* in the iust reuenge.  
Of this chaste rauisht Lady, swear *All. We doe.*

*Luc.* Then with your humours heere my griefe ends too,  
My staine I thus wipe off, call in my sighes,  
And in the hope of this reuenge, forbear  
Euen to my death to fall one passionate teare.  
Yet Lords, that you may crowne my innocence  
With your best thoughts, that you may henceforth know,  
We are the same in heart we seeme in show.  
And though I quit my soule of all such sin, *The Lords whisper*  
Ile not debarre my body punishment:  
Let all the world, learne of a Roman dame,  
To prise her life lesse then her honor'd fame. *Kills her selfe.*

*Lucr. Lucrece.*

*Coll. Wife.*

*Brut. Lady.*

*Scen.* She hath slaine her selfe.

*Val.* Oh see yet Lords if there be hope of life,

*Brut.* Shee's dead, then turne your funerall teares to fire  
and indignation, let vs now redeeme  
Our mis-spent time, and ouertake our slouth  
With hostile expedition, this great Lords,  
This bloody knife, on which her chaste blood flow'd,  
Shall not from *Brutus* till some strange reuenge fall on the  
heads of *Tarquins*.

*Hor.* Nowe's the time to call their pride to compe,

*Brutus* lead on, Wee'll follow thee to their confusion.

*Val.* By Ioue we will, the sprighfull youth of Rome  
Trickt vp in plumed harnessse shall attend  
The march of *Brutus*, whom wee here create our Generall  
against the *Tarquins*.

*See.* Bee it so.

*Brut.* We embrace it: now to stir the wrath of Rome,  
You, *Collatine* and good *Lucretius*,  
With eyes yet drown'd in teares beare that chaste body  
Into the market place: that horrid obiect,  
Shall kindle them with a most iust reuenge.

# The Rape of Lucrece.

*Hor.* To see the father and the husband mourne  
Ore this chaste Dame, that haue so well deseru'd  
Of Rome and them, then to infer the pride,  
The wrongs and the perpetuall tyranny  
Of all the *Tarquins*, *Seruius*, *Tullius* death,  
And his vnnaturall vsage by that Monster (revenge.

*Tullia* the Queene, al these shal wel concurre in a combind

*Brut.* *Lucrece*, thy death wee le moune in glittering armes  
and plumed caskes: some beare that reuerend load,  
Vnto the *Forum* where our force shall meete

To set vpon the pallas, and expell  
This viperous brood from Rome: I know the people  
Will gadly imbrace our fortunes: *Scenola*,  
Goe you and muster powers in *Brutus* name.

*Valerius*, you assist him instantly, (course.  
And to the mazed people freely speake the cause of this con-

*Val.* We goe. *Exeunt. Val. & Scen.*

*Brut.* And you deare Lord, whose speechles griefe is boundles;  
Turne all your teares with ours, to wrath and rage;  
The hearts of all the *Tarquins* shall weepe blood  
Vpon the funerall Hearse, with whose chaste body,  
Honour your armes; and to the assembled people,  
Disclose her innocent woundes: Gramercies Lords,

*A great shout and a flourish with drums and Trumpets,*  
That vniuersall shout tels me their words  
Are gracious with the people, and their troopes  
Are ready imbateld, and expect but vs,  
To lead them on; Ioue giue our fortunes speed.  
Wee le murder, murder, and base rape shall bleed.

*Alarum.* Enter in the fight *Tarquin* and *Tullia* flying,  
pursued by *Brutus*, and the Romans march with Drum and  
Colors, *Porfenna*, *Arnus*, *Sextus Tarquin*, and *Tullia*  
meets and ioynes with them: To them *Brutus* and the Romans  
with Drum and souldiers: they make a stand.

*Brut.* Euen thus farre Tyrant haue we dogd thy steps  
Frighing thy Queene and thee with horrid Steele:

*Tar.* Lodg'd in the safetie of *Porfennas* armes,

Now

# The Rape of Lucrece.

Now Traytor *Brutus* we dare front thy pride:

*Hor.* *Porfennath*'art vnworthy of a scepter,  
To shelter pride, lust, rape, and tyrannie,  
In that proud Prince and his confederate Peeres.

*Sex.* Traytors to heauen: to *Tarquin*, Rome and vs,  
Treason to Kings, doth stretch euen to the Gods,  
And those high Gods that take great Rome in charge,  
shall punish your rebellion.

*Col.* Oh *Deuill Sextus* speake not thou of Gods,  
Nor cast those false and fained eyes to heauen,  
Whose rape the furies must torment in Hell, of *Luc. Lucrece*

*See.* Her chaste blood still cries for vengeance to the Etheriall

*Luc.* O! twas a foule deede *Sextus*, (deities.

*Val.* And thy shame shall be eternall and out liue her fame.

*Arn.* Say *Sextus* lou'd her, was she not a woman,  
I, and perhaps was willing to be forc'd,  
Must you being priuat subiects dare to Ring  
Warres loud alarum gainst your potent King?

*Por.* *Brutus* therein thou dost forget thy selfe,  
And wrong'st the glory of thine Ancestors, stayning thy  
blood with Treason.

*Bru.* *Tuscan* know the Consull *Brutus* is their powerfull sec.

*All Tarquin.* Consull.

*Hor.* I consull and the powerfull hand of Rome  
Graspes his imperiall sword: the name of King  
The Tyrant *Tarquins* haue made odious  
Vnto this nation, and the generall knee  
Of this our warlike people, now low bends,  
To royall *Brutus* where the Kings name ends.

*Bru.* Now *Sextus* wher's the Oracle, when I kist  
My Mother earth it plainely did foretell,  
My Noble vertues did thy sinne exceed,  
*Brutus* should sway, and lust burnt *Tarquin* bleed.

*Val.* Now shall the blood of *Seruius*, fall as heauie  
As a huge mountaine on your Tyrant heads, orewhelming  
all your glorie.

*Hor.* *Tullia*'s guilt shall be by vs reueng'd, that in her pride  
In blood paternall, her rough coach-wheeles di'd.



# The Rape of Lucrece.

*Luc.* Your Tyrannies :

*Ser.* Pride.

*Col.* And my *Lucrece* fate, shall all be swallowed in this hostile hate.

*Sex.* Oh *Romulus*, thou that first reard yon walles,  
In sight of which we stand in thy softe bosome,  
Is hugg'd, the nest in which the *Tarquins* build,  
Within the branches of thy lofty spires,  
Tarquin shall pearch, or where he once hath stood,  
His high built airy shall be drown'd in blood,  
Alarum then, *Brutus* by heauen I vow,  
My sword shall proue thou nere wast mad till now.

*Brn.* *Sextus*, my madnesse with your lines expires,  
Thy sensuall eyes are fixt vpon that wall,  
Thou nere shall enter, Rome confines you all.

*Por.* A charge then,

*Tar.* Ioue and Tarquin?

*Hor.* But we crie a *Brutus*.

*Brn.* *Lucrece*, force and victory.

*Alarum, The Romans are beaten off.*

*Alarum.* Enter *Brutus*, *Horatius*, *Valerius*, *Scenola*,  
*Lucretius* and *Collatine*.

*Brn.* Thou *Ioni*all hand hold vp thy Scepter high,  
And let not Iustice be oppress'd with Pride,  
Oh you *Penates* leaue not Rome and vs,  
Graspt in the purple hands of death and ruine, the *Tarquins*  
haue the best.

*Hor.* Yet stand, my foote is fixt vpon this bridge, *Tiber*,  
Thy arched streames shall be chang'd crimson, with  
Roman blood before I budge from hence.

*Sec.* *Brutus* retire, for if thou enter Rome  
Wee are all lost, stand not on valour now,  
But saue thy people, let's suruiue this day,  
To trie the fortunes of another field.

*Val.* Breake downe the Bridge least the pursuing enemy  
Enter with vs and take the spoile of Rome.

*Hor.* Then breake behinde me, for by heauen i't grow  
And



# The Rape of Lucrece.

And roote my foote as deepe as to the center, before I leaue this passage.

*Luc.* Come your mad.

*Col.* The foe comes on, and we in trifling heere, hazard our selfe and people.

*Hor.* Saue them all, to make *Rome* stand, *Ho.* here will fall.

*Brn.* We would not loose thee, doe not brest thy selfe  
Mongst thousands, if thou frontst them, thou art ring'd  
With million of swords and darts, and we behind  
Must breake the Bridge of *Tyber* to saue *Rome*,  
Before thee infinite gaze on thy face,  
And menace death, the raging streames of *Tyber* are at thy  
backe to swallow thee.

*Hor.* Retire, to make *Rome* liue, tis death that I desire.

*Brn.* Then farewell dead *Horatius*, thinke in vs  
The vniuersall arme of Potent *Rome*,  
Takes his last leaue of thee in this embrace. *All embrace him.*

*Hor.* Farewell. *All.* Farewell.

*Brn.* These arches all must downe to interdict their pas-  
sage through the towne. *Exeunt.*

*Alarum*, Enter *Tarquin*, *Porfenna*, and *Arnus* with  
their pikes and Targeters.

*All.* Enter, enter, enter. A noise of knocking downe the bridge.

*Hor.* Soft *Tarquin*, see a bulwarke to the bridge. (*within*  
You first must passe, the man that enters heere

Must make his passage through *Horatius* brest,  
See with this Target doe I buckler *Rome*, (*Kings.*

And with this sword defie the puissant army of two great.

*Por.* One man to face an host!

Charge souldiers, of full forty thousand Romans

Theres but one daring hand against your host.

To keep you from the sacke or spoile of *Rome*, charge, charge.

*Arnus.* Vpon them Souldiers, *Alarum.* *Alarum.*

Enter in severall places, *Sextus* and *Valerius* aboue.

*Ser.* Oh cowards, slaues, and vassals, what not enter?

Was it for this you plac'd my regiment

Vpon a hill to be the sad spectator

Of such a generall cowardise? *Tarquin, Arnus,*

# The Rape of Lucrece.

*Porfenna*, souldiers passe, *Horatius* quickly,  
For they behind him will deuolue the bridge,  
And raging *Tyber* that's impassible,  
Your hoast must swimme before you conquer *Rome*.

*Val.* Yet stand *Horatius*, beare but one brunt more,  
The arched bridge shall sinke vpon his piles.  
And in his fall lift thy reuowne to heauen.

*Sex.* Yet enter.

*Val.* Deare *Horatius*, yet stand & saue a million by one power-  
full hand.

*Alarum, and the falling of the Bridge.*

*Arcus* and all. Charge, charge, charge.

*Ser.* Degenerate slaues, the bridge is false, *Rome's* lost.

*Vale.* *Horatius* thou art stronger then their hoast,  
Thy strength is valour, theirs are idle braues,  
Now saue thy selfe, and leap into the waues.

*Hor.* *Porfenna*, *Tarquin*, now wade past your depths  
And enter *Rome*, I feele my body sinke  
Beneath my ponderous weight *Rome* is preseru'd,  
And now farewell: for he that followes me  
Must search the bottome of this raging streame,  
Fame with thy golden wings reuowne my Crest,  
And *Tyber* take me on thy siluer brest.

*Exit.*

*Por.* Hee's leapt off from the bridge and drownd himselfe.

*Ser.* You are deceiu'd his spirit soares too hie  
To be choakt in with the base element  
Of water, loe he swimmes armd as he was  
Whilest all the army haue dischargd their arrowes,  
Of which the shield vpon his backe sticke full.

*Shoot and flourish.*

And harke the shoute of all the multitude  
Now welcomes him aland, *Horatius* fame  
Hath chekt our armies with a generall shame,  
But come, to morrowes fortune must restore,  
This scandall, which I of the Gods, implore.

*Por.* Then we must find another time faire Prince,  
To scourge these people, and reuenge your wrongs.  
For this night ile betake me to my tent.

# The Rape of Lucrece.

*A Table and lights in the Tent.*

*Targ.* And we to ours, to morrow we will renoune  
Our army with the spoile of this Rich-towne.

*Exit Tarquin cum suis.*

*Enter Secretarie.*

*Porf.* Our Secretary.

*Secret.* My Lord.

*Porf.* Command lights and torches in our Tents.

*Enter Souldiers with Torches.*

And let a Guard inguirt our safety round,  
Whilest we debate of Militarie businesse : come sit and let's  
consult.

*Enter Scenola disguised.*

*See.* *Heratius*, famous for defending Rome.

But we ha done nought worthy *Scenola*,

Nor of a Roman, I in this disguise

Haue past the army and the Puissant guard

Of King *Porfenna* : this should be his tent :

And in good time, now fate direct my strength

Against a King, to free great Rome at length.

*Secret.* Oh I am slaine, treason, treason.

*Porf.* Villaine what hast thou done?

*Sceno.* Why slaine the King.

*Porf.* What King?

*Sceno.* *Porfenna*.

*Porfe.* *Porfenna* liues to see thee tortured,  
With plagues more diuellish then the plague of hell.

*Scen.* Oh too rash *Mutius*, hast thou misse thy aime?

And thou base hand that didst direct my poniard

Against a Peasants brest, behold thy errour

Thus I will punish : I will giue thee freely

Vnto the fire, nor will I weare a limbe,

That with such rashnes shall offend his Lord.

*Por.* What will the madman doe?

*Scen.* *Porfenna* so, pun sh my hand thus, for not killing thee.

Three Hundred noble lads beside my selfe

Haue vow'd to all the Gods that Patron Rome,

Thy ruine for supporting tyrannie :

And though I faile expect yet euerie houre,

## The Rape of Lucrece.

When some strange fate thy fortunes will deuoure;

*Por.* Stay Roman, we admire thy constancie,  
And scorne off fortune, goe returne to Rome,  
We giue thee life, and say the King *Porfenna*,  
Whose life thou seek'st is in this honorable  
Passe freely, gard him to the walles of Rome,  
And were we not so much ingadge to *Tarquin*,  
Wee would not lift a hand against that nation that breeds  
such noble spirits. *Exit.*

*Scen.* Well I goe, and for reuenge take life euen of my foe,

*Perf.* Conduct him safely, what 300. Gallants  
Sworne to our death, and all resolu'd like him!  
Weele proue for *Tarquin*, if they faile our hopes,  
Peace shalbe made with Rome, but first our secretary  
Shall haue his rights of Funerall, then our shield  
We must addresse next for to morrowes field. *Exit.*

*Enter Brutus, Horatius, Valerius, Collatine,  
Lucretius Marching.*

*Brn.* By thee we are consull, and still gouerne Rome,  
Which but for thee, had bin dispoild and rane,  
Made a confused heape of men and stones,  
Swimming in bloud and slaughter, deare *Horatius*  
Thy noble picture shalbe caru'd in brasce,  
And fixt for thy perpetuall memory in our high Capitoll.

*Horat.* Great Consull Thankses, but leauing this, lets  
March out of the Citie.

And once more bid them battell on the plaines.

*Val.* This day my soule diuines we shall liue free  
From all the furious *Tarquins*; but wheres *Scenola*? we see  
not him to day. *Enter Scenola.*

Here Lords behold me handleesse as you see.

The cause I mist *Porfenna* in his tent,

And in his stead kil'd but his secretary.

The mazed King when he beheld me punish

My rash mistake, with losse of my right hand,

Vnbeg'd and almost scord he gaue me life,

Which I had then refus'd, but in desire to venge faire *Lu-*  
*crece* Rape.

*Soft alarum.*

*Hor.*

# The Rape of Lucrece.

*Hor.* Deare *Scenola* thou hast exceeded vs in our resolute,  
But will the *Tarquins* giue vs present battell?

*Scen.* That may ye heare, the Skirmish is begun already  
twixt the horse.

*Luc.* Then noble *Consull* lead our maine Battell on.

*Bru.* Oh *Ioue* this day ballance our cause, and let her innocent  
bloud, destroy the heads of all the *Tarquins*, see this day  
In her cause do we consecrate our liues.

And in defence of Iustice now march on :

I heare ther Martiall musique, be our shock

As terrible as are the meeting clowdes

That breake in thunder, yet our hopes are faire,

And this rough charge shall all our hopes repaire.

*Exeunt, Alarum, battell within.*

*Enter Porfenna and Arnus.*

*Porfenna.* Yet grow our lofty plumes vnflagd with bloud,  
And yet sweete pleasure wantons in the aire : How goes the  
battell *Arnus*?

*Arn.* Tis euen ballanst, I enterchang'd with *Brutus* hand to  
hand, a dangerous encounter both are wounded and had not  
the rude prease diuided vs, one had dropt downe to earth.

*Por.* T was brauely fought, I saw the King your father free  
his person from Thousand Romans that begirt his state, where  
flying arrowes thick as attomes sung about his eares.

*Arn.* I hope a glorious day, come *Tuscan King* let's on them.

*Alarum, Enter Horatius and Valerius.* (bloud

*Hor.* *Arnus* stay, that sword that late did drinke the *Consuls*  
Must his with keene phang tire vpon my flesh, or this on thine.

*Arnus.* It sparde the *Consuls* life to end thy dayes in a  
more glorious strife.

*Vale.* I stand against thee *Tuscan.*

*Porf.* I for thee.

*Hora.* Where ere I finde a *Tarquin*; he's for me.

*Alarum, fight, Arnus slaine, Porfenna Expulst,*

*Alarum, Enter Tarquin with an arrow in his brest, Tullia with  
him, pursude by Collatine, Lucretius, Scenola.*

*Tar.* Faire *Tullia* leaue me saue thy light by flight,  
Since mine is desperate, behold I am wounded

## The Rape of Lucrece.

Euen to the death, there staves within my tent  
A winged Iennet, mount his back and fly,  
Liue to reuenge my death since I must dy.

*Tul.* Had I the heart to tread vpon the bulke  
Of my dead father, and to see him slaughtered,  
Onely for loue of *Tarquin* and a crowne,  
And shall I feare death more then losse of both?  
No this is *Tulliaes* fame, rather then fly  
From *Tarquin*, mongst a thousand swords shce'll dye.

*All.* Hew them to peeces both.

*Targ.* My *Tullia* saue, and ore my caitiue head those me-  
teors waue.

*Coll.* Let *Tullia* yeeld then.

*Tull.* Yeild mee, cuckold no, mercy I scome, let me the  
danger know. *Secu.* Vpon them then.

*Tul.* Let's bring them to their fate,  
And let them perish in the peoples hate.

*Luc.* Feare not Ile back thee husband.

*Targ.* But for thee, sweete were the hand that this chargd  
soule could free.

Life I dispise let noble *Sextus* stand  
To auenge our death, euen till these vitals end,  
Scorning my owne, this life will I defend.

*Tul.* And Ile sweete *Tarquin* to my power guard thine,  
Come on you slaues and make this earth diuine.

*Alarum Tarquin and Tullia slaine.*

*Alarum, Brutus all bloody.*

*Brn.* *Arnus* this crimson fauor for thy sake,  
Ile weare vpon my forehead maskt with blood,  
Till all the moystures in the *Tarquins* veines  
Be spilt vpon the earth, and leaue thy body  
As dry as the parcht summer, burnt and scorcht with the ca-  
nicular starres. (his head.

*Hor.* *Arnus* lies dead by this bright sword that tow'r'd about

*Col.* And see great *Consull*, where the pride of *Rome* lies  
funke and fallen.

*Vale.* Besides him lies the *Queene* mangled and hew'd  
amongst the *Roman* souldiers.

*Hor.*

# The Rape of Lucrece.

*Hor.* Lift vp their slaughtered bodies, help to rease them  
against this hill in view of all the Camp.

This fight will be a terror to the foe & make them yield or fly.

*Brn.* But where's the rauisher Iniurious *Sextus* that wee  
see not him?

*Short Alarm, Enter Sextus* (steedes

*Sex.* Through broken speares, crackt swordes, vnboweld  
Flaude armors, mangled limbes, and battered casks,  
Knee-deepe in bloud, I ha pierst the Roman hoast to be my  
Fathers rescue. (hate.

*Hor.* Tis too late, his mounting prid's sunke in the peoples

*Sex* My Father, Mother, Brother, fortune now,  
I doe defie thee, I expose my selfe  
To horride danger, safaty I despise,  
I dare the worst of perill, I am bound.  
On till this pile of flesh be all on wound.

*Vale.* Begirt him Lords this is the rauisher,  
There's no reuenge for *Lucrece* till he fall :

*Luc.* Cease *Sextus* then :

*Sex.* *Sextus* defies you all, yet will you giue me language

*Brn.* Say on. (ere I die.

*Sex.* Tis not for mercie, for I scorne that life  
That's giuen by any, and the more to adde  
To your immense vnmeasurable hate,  
I was the spur vnto my Fathers pride,  
Twas I that awd the Princes of the Land,  
That made thee *Brutus* mad, these discontent,  
I rauisht the chaste *Lucrece*, *Sextus* I,  
Thy daughter, and thy wife, *Brutus* thy cousen,  
Allide indeed to all, 'twas for my Rape,  
Her constant hand ript vp her in innocent brest, 'twas *Sextus*  
did all this.

*Col.* Which ile reuenge.

*Hor.* Leauē that to me.

*Luc.* Old as I am ile doo'r. (rauisher.

*See.* I haue one hand left yet of strength, inough to kill a

*Sex.* Come all at once : I all yet heare me *Brutus*, thou  
art honorable,

## The Rape of Lucrece.

And my words tend to thee : my father died  
By many hands what's he mongst you can challenge  
The least, I smilest honour in his death ?  
If I be kild among this hostile throng,  
The poorest snake souldier well may claime  
As much renowne in Royall *Sextus* death,  
As *Brutus*, thou, or thou *Horatius*,  
I am to dye, and more then dye I cannot,  
Rob not your selues of honour in my death.  
When the two mightiest spirits of *Greece* and *Troy*;  
Tug'd for the maistric, *Hector* and *Achilles*,  
Had puiſſant *Hector* by *Achilles* hand,  
Dide in a single monomachie, *Achilles*  
Had beene the worthy : but being slaine by ods,  
The poorest *Mirmidon* had as much honour  
As faint *Achilles* in the *Troians* death.

*Brut.* Hadst thou not done a deed so execrable  
That Gods and men abhorre, ide loue thee *Sextus*;  
And hug thee for this challenge breath'd so freely:  
Behold, I stand for *Rome* as Generall,  
Thou of the *Tarquins* doost alone suruiue,  
The head of all these garboytes, the chiefe a stor  
Of that blacke sin, which we chastize by armes.  
Braue Romans with your bright swords be our lists,  
And ring vs in, none dare to offend the Prince  
By the least touch, least he incurre our wrath :  
This honour doe your Consull, that his hand  
May punish this arch-mischiefe, that the times  
Succeeding may of *Brutus* thus much tell,  
By him pride, lust, and all the *Tarquins* fell.

*Sex.* To rauish *Lucrece* cuckold *Collatine* :  
And spill the chastest blood that euer ran,  
In any matrons vaines, repents me not  
So much as to ha wrong'd a Gentleman  
So noble as the Consull in this life.

*Brutus* be bold, thou fight'st with one scornes life.

*Brut.* And thou with one that lesse then his renowne  
Priseth his blood or *Romes* imperiall crowne



# The Rape of Lucrece.

*Alarum*, a fierce fight with sword and target, then after  
pause and breath.

*Brut.* *Sextus* stand faire, much honour shall I winne  
To reuenge *Lucrece*, and chastise thy sinne.

*Sex.* I repent nothing, may I liue or die,  
Though my bloud fall, my spirit shall mount on hie.

*Alarum*, fight with single swords, and being deadly wounded  
and panting for breath making a stroke at each  
together with their gantlets they fall.

*Hor.* Both *Ilaine*: oh noble *Brutus* this thy fame  
To after ages shall suruiue, thy body  
Shall haue a faire and gorgious Sepulchre :  
For whom the matrons shall in funerall blacke  
Morne twelue sad moones, thou that first gouern'd Rome,  
And swaid the people by a consuls name.  
These bodies of the *Tarquins* weele commit  
Vnto the funerall pile : you *Collatine*  
Shall succeed *Brutus*, in the consuls place.  
Who with this Lawrel wreath we here relate

*Crowne him a lawrel.*

Such is the peoples voyce, accept it then.

*Col.* We do, and may our power so iust appeare  
Rome may haue peace, both with our loue and feare.  
But soft, what march is this?

*Florish* *Porfenna*, *Drum*, *Colltaine* and *Souldiers*.

*Por.* The *Thuskan* King, seeing the *Tarquins* slaine,  
Thus arm'd and battelled offers peace to Rome.  
To confirme which, we'le giue you present hostage,  
If you deny, we'le stand vpon our guard,  
And by the force of armes, maintaine our owne.

*Val.* After so much effusion and large wast  
Of Roman bloud the name of peace is welcome;  
Since of the *Tarquins* none remaine in Rome.  
And *Lucrece* rape is now reueng'd at full.  
Twere good to entertaine *Porfennas* league.

*Col.* *Porfenna* we embrace whose royall presence.  
Shall grace the Consull to the funerall pile.  
March on to Rome, Ioue be our guard and guide,  
That hath in vs veng'd Rape and punish't pride, *Exeunt.*

# The Rape of Lucrece.

To the Reader.

Because we would not that any mans expectation should be deceived in the ample printing of this booke. Lo (Gentle Reader) we haue inserted these few songs, which were added by the stranger that lately acted *Valerius* his part in forme following.

## The Cries of Rome.

Thus goe the cries in Rome faire towne,  
First they goe up street and then they goe downe.

Round and sound all of a collor,

Buy a very fine marking stone, marking stone,

Round and sound all of a colour,

Buy a very fine marking stone a very very fine.

Thus goe the cries in Romes faire towne,

First they go up street and then they goe downe.

Bread and---meat---bread---and meate

For the---ten---der---mercy of God to the

poore pris---ners of Newgate, foure

score and ten---poore---prisners.

Thus goe the cries in Romes faire towne.

First they goe up street and then they goe downe.

Salt--salt--white wor---ster shire salt,

Thus goe the cries in Romes faire towne,

First they goe up street and then they goe downe.

Buy a very fine mouse trap or a tormentor

For your fleaes.

Thus goe the cries in Rome faire towne.

First they goe up street and then they goe downe.

Kitchin stuffe maides,

Thus goe the cries, &c.

Ha you any wood to cleane.

Thus goe the the cries, &c.

I ha white radish, white

Hard letice, white yong vnyons.

Thus goe the cries, &c.

I ha rocke Sampier rocke Sampier.

Thus goe the cries, &c.

Buy

# The Rape of Lucrece.

Buy a mat a mil mat,  
Mat, a hasocke for your pew,  
A stople for a close stoole,  
Or a pesocke to thrust your feete in,  
Thus goe the cries, &c.  
Whiting maides whiting.  
Thus goe the cries, &c.  
Hot fine Oatcakes hot,  
Thus goe the cries, &c.  
Small coales here.  
Thus goe the cries, &c.  
Will you buy any milke to day.  
Thus goe the cries, &c.  
Lanthorne and candle light here  
Maid, ha light here.  
Thus goe the cries, &c.  
Here lies a company of very poore  
Women, in the darke dungeon,  
Hungry cold and comfortlesse night and day.  
Pittie the poore women in the darke dungeon.  
Thus goes the cries where they doe house them,  
First they come to the grate, and then  
They goe to lose them.

## The second song.

Arise, arise, my Iuggie my Puggie,  
arise get up my deere,  
The weather is cold, it blowes, it snowes,  
oh let mee be lodged heere.  
My Iuggie my Puggie, my honie my conie,  
my lone, my done, my deere,  
Oh oh, the weather is cold, it blowes, it snowes,  
oh oh let me be lodged heere.

By

# The Rape of Lucrece.

Begone, begone my willie my billie,  
begone, begone my deere,  
The weather is warme, 'twill doe thee no harme,  
thou canst not be lodged heere.  
My willie, my billie, my honie my conie,  
my loue, my doue my deere,  
Oh, oh the weather is warme, 'twill doe thee no harme,  
oh oh thou canst not be lodged heere.

Farewell, farwell my Iuggie, my Puggie,  
farwell, farwell my deere,  
Then will I begone from whence that I came  
if I cannot be lodged heere.  
My Iuggie, my Puggie, my honie my conie,  
my loue my doue my deere,  
Oh, oh then will I begone from whence that I came,  
oh oh, if I cannot be lodged heere.

Returne, returne my willie, my billie,  
returne my doue and my deere,  
The weather does change, then seame not strange,  
thou shalt be lodged heere.  
My willie my billie, my honnie, my conie,  
my loue, my doue my deere,  
Oh, oh the weather does change, then seame not strange,  
oh oh, and thou shalt be lodged heere.

FINIS.

